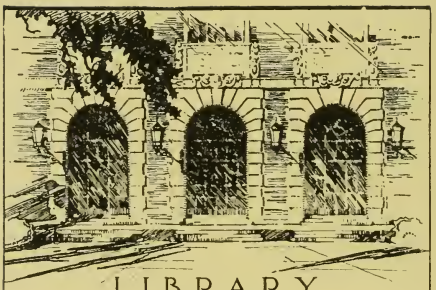

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VIRTUOUS POVERTY,

A

TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY HENRY SIDDONS.

Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, vestes gaetulo murice tinctas
Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.

HORACE.

Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye.
There are who have not,—and thank heaven there are
Who if they have not,—think not worth their care.

POPE.

VOL. III.

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VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

Fondness of an author for his own works—An opportunity of shewing our learning not easy to let slip—Horace.

I HARDLY hope to be credited when I declare that it gives me great pleasure to find my labor growing to an end, and that I am now about to begin the last volume of my work.

Women are supposed to be fond of talking, authors not less fond of writing, and some wags will be apt to say that the one would *prattle*, and the other scribble on for ever. Gladly shall I lay down my

pen: one word, however. Authors of novels are supposed to be the greatest plunderers in the world, stealing a bit here and a bit there, and thus vamping up a book by any means.

I may have stolen as much as my neighbors, and would acknowledge my thefts, if I knew to whom I was indebted. If I know any thing, however, of my own design, the book I am now writing was grounded on reflections scattered through the works of Horace, a severe satirist on the passion of avarice.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo; neque dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo,
Littus iniquum.

Auream quisque mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti,
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene preparatam
Pectus. . . . . .

Non

Non si male nunc & olim
Sic erit. . . . . .
Rebus angustis animosus atque,
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo,
Turgida vela.

Horace, Vol. I. Ode X. Book II.

On the principles of this one ode, I have built my book; and have quoted it, not to shew my learning, but to prove my veracity.

CHAPTER II.

A disgust—A planter—A new situation—Negroes—How to make the wretched happy—A piece of intelligence—An expected arrival—accounted for—A review—Self vanity easily convinced—The arguments of a man who wants to be married—A doubt—a fear—and a resolution.

WEARY and disgusted at the unvaried tenor of a military life, I now wished for a quiet home, a peaceable settlement. *Riches* never once entered into my thoughts; I had all my life been far from any prospects of acquisition of wealth. I seemed born to be a *poor man*, and was always well content to act the part which Providence had allotted me.

I had been now ten years abroad. In an action it had been my fate to save the life of a young man, called Charles Hurleford.

ford. Grateful for the favor, when we returned to Jamaica, he introduced me to his father, a man of some consequence in the place.

Finding that I wished to quit the fatigues of a soldier's dull unvaried tenor of existence, the old gentleman made me a proposal which I was eager to embrace. He had very extensive plantations, and his estates were diffused so widely, that he began to stand in need of some one who would undertake the office of inspector to his concerns. I thought myself adequate to the task, and gladly closed with the proposal he made, and the terms he offered, which were liberal enough to enable me to build a sweet spot near to that of my employer, where I thought I might say for life—

"Inveni portum spes et Fortuna valete
"Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc aliis."

But these visionary joys were as delu-

sive as they were charming. In the situation I now occupied, I enjoyed sensations *then* sacred to my heart, *still* dear to my memory. It fell within my province to lighten the load of many a sable child of misery.

I had always abhorred the idea of the barbarous custom of buying the nerves, blood, and bones of our fellow creatures.

To do away this horrid custom I knew was *impossible*, till some future age; when, seconding the exertions of a generous few, a nation, famed for arts, for valor, and humanity, shall extend the liberty it has ever so nobly prized and defended, to a set of wretched fellow creatures, who differ in nothing from the rest of their species but in color.

I had however the heartfelt joy of lightening the chains of slavery, and teaching the desponding negro to consider himself entitled to the privileges of manhood.

Many a stubborn heart, which had wrapped itself up in the most impenetrable gloom at the threat of cruelty, and had hardened at the lash of the task-master, melted at the voice of consolatory kindness.

What expression have I seen sit beaming on the eye, and uplifting the brow of the sable child of woe, when the bland voice of *mercy* has first usurped the place of the degrading menace and the bloody lash! Can—oh can money purchase joys adequate to these sainted feelings? Oh no! no! no!

Hurleford afterwards confessed to me that he was no loser by the plan I had adopted. The slaves enjoyed better health; content and gratitude gave a double strength to their bodies, a treble spring to the activity of their minds. Hear this, ye merciless, money-loving buyers and sellers of your brother men; and if the dictates

of *humanity* cannot vibrate on your deaf ears, be attentive to the calls of *interest!*

If to do good be to be blest, I was then completely so.

Hurleford parcelled out his lands among the negroes: they were allowed a proportion of profit arising from their own industry: a universal spirit of emulation began to prevail among them; they married with cheerfulness, when they found that the unhappy fruits of their affections were likely in future to be reckoned among the sons of *men*, and treated like *human beings*.

Hurleford and myself lived upon terms of intimacy and friendship. He was reckoned one of the first men in Jamaica, and almost every one who came there thought it a fortunate circumstance to have letters of recommendation to him.

He

He one morning informed me, that he had some pleasing intelligence to communicate. Upon my enquiring what he meant, he told me, that he was anxiously waiting the arrival of a vessel, which was to bring over a young man and woman of the name of Augustus and Cecilia Montauban.

It was now so long since I had seen *any* face which early prejudice had endeared, that the visage of an Englishman or woman seemed to me like the countenance of a friend. I remembered that Cecilia was a character to be both respected and revered; she was amiable, she was good; she had shewn an exalted disinterestedness in her conduct towards the family of General Grandford, which proved her capable of every heroic feeling, of every generous emotion. I much wondered what could bring her and her brother to Jamaica; but the elder Hurleford solved the difficulty by informing me, that in his early

youth he had been much indebted to the father of Augustus; he had, he said, most shamefully neglected the debt of gratitude he owed to Montauban during his life, and that it was not till after his decease he had heard of the distress into which the noble family of his friend had fallen: he had *then* written to his son, entreating him to come to him at Jamaica, where many young men had succeeded in making their fortunes, and where, he flattered himself, he could put him into the most plain track for the attainment of that desirable end. He was then, he said, a *soldier*, under the patronage of General Grandford, and was so enamoured with his profession, that he had politely declined all his overtures. He had, he added, *since* discovered, that an unsuccessful passion he had cherished for the daughter of his patron had been the chief motive for his refusal. General Grandford was lately dead; and several disputes having arisen between his son and heir Frederic and Augustus, a quarrel of

so

so serious a nature had arisen, that Montauban and his sister had withdrawn themselves from the patronage of the Grandford family, and with a poor old female of the name of Jane Wildfire, who had been more than a mother to them in their infancy, had suffered much hardship and distress. When this news reached him, Hurleford *again* wrote the most pressing solicitations, that they would allow him to discharge the debt he owed for former favors conferred by their father, and entrust their future fortunes to his superintending care. He had at last prevailed on them to comply with his wishes, and anxiously expected their arrival with every fleet.

Men of much *wealth* and little *feeling*, may consider the conduct of Hurleford as romantic and improbable; but I trust there are hearts *now* beating in the bosoms of many grateful men, who will acknowledge, that his conscientious discharge of

his duty to the destitute relics of a worthy man, to whom he was indebted for all the blessings he at *present* enjoyed, was not only merely *possible*, but perfectly *natural*. His son, too, who knew that his father had fortune in abundance, so far from *repining* at his pleasure, was rejoiced to see him act like a man of sensibility and honor.

The circumstance of the *picture* which had been found in the apartment of Cecilia, after her removal from the family of the General, now *recurred* to my mind; and I was absorbed in doubt and perplexity. She had never, during the year we lived together, given me the *least token* of partiality; on the *contrary*, she had always conducted herself towards me with the most scrupulous *reserve*.

On a review of the then existing circumstances, however, I could not check the *vanity* of imagining, that *some* prepos-

session

session in my favor must have taken root in her heart. How then to account for the coldness of her demeanor towards me? How, but from the genuine gratitude and goodness of her heart! She knew the unhappy passion which fed upon the bosom of Augusta, and had sacrificed every emotion of her *own* to her zeal for her *friend.*

I had often thought that her leaving the family of her protector merely on account of her brother's selfish conduct, had been a high and *overstrained* flight of romance; but when I came to consider that she had sacrificed her own wishes to her friend, and removed from the presence of Miss Grandford and myself, to give *her* every advantage in the eyes of a man *(who, unworthy as he was)* I now began to think she had *loved*, her actions were viewed through a different medium, and I began to admire and to esteem her.

Some

Some years had glided by since these transactions had taken place; and I thought it more than probable that some *more* deserving man had *obliterated* the impression I had formerly made on her susceptible soul. I most earnestly wished that this opinion might prove unfounded. I was now in a situation which might enable me to procure every necessary ingredient to the felicity of a mind like Cecilia's.

I did not roll in riches, but I had sufficient for *content*. I longed for a companion like herself, to partake my tranquil joys, to behold and to add to the happiness of the poor tribe under my inspection. To see a race of men, who appear formed for sorrow and oppression, cheerful and contented, would, I was convinced, be a luxury to the heart of a feeling woman, who would rejoice at the welfare of any set of beings, without pausing to consider their nation or *color*.

We

We had both been destitute, both tossed on the stormy ocean of life. With what grateful contentment might we now see the tempest abating, the wild uproar hushed to a calm? We seemed formed *for each other*.

I waited the arrival of every vessel with emotion and anxiety. Several ships at length arrived, and one of them brought young Montauban and his sister. Hurleford received them as he would have welcomed a son and daughter of his *own*.

When I heard they were with him, I hastened to the house: they had been prepared for my reception, yet I experienced a coldness in the manner of Augustus. Cecilia endeavored to receive me with frigid civility; but her face was too expressive entirely to conceal what was passing in her mind. She blushed, trembled, and turned alternately white and red.

The

The years that had passed away had made some alteration in her appearance, but the change was in her favor: goodness, truth, humanity, every grace, every angelic virtue seemed now indelibly *stamped* by the hand of nature upon her expressive countenance.

I saw that the son of Hurleford was impressed with the same opinions. I was struck with what I saw passing in his mind.

I had in the course of the next day an opportunity of a serious conversation with young Montauban. I expressed my surprise at the frigidity of his manners at our first meeting, and begged him to explain what had transpired during the years of my absence from my native land to occasion the present coldness, when I imagined that we had parted on the best terms imaginable. He told me he would be *frank* with me; that when he left England an idea had certainly been started, which

which neither coincided with the former rectitude of my conduct, nor the broad general principles of a man of honor.

I was shocked greatly at this preparatory discourse, and earnestly conjured him to proceed.

In order to be *fully* understood, he replied, that it would be necessary for him to recapitulate some circumstances which had taken place *posterior* to my leaving Great Britain. I begged him to go on. A very short time, he said, would be necessary for him to state all the *essential* facts; after having done which, he had so high an opinion of my veracity, that he would rest on my *own* word for my conviction or my acquittal.

Immediately on my going abroad, Cecilia made her appearance at the house of General Grandford. Her friend Augusta was truly rejoiced to see her, and enquired

enquired most anxiously after both the *place* and the *reason* of her retirement. With respect to the former, she had been indebted to poor Jane, the humble protectress of our infant years, for shelter and for concealment. The *reasons* she gave were of a double nature: they concerned both a brother and a man whom she now could not help owning she was *beginning* to love. She thought that the brother had made but a sordid return to the bounty of the General, and the free, open, candid goodness of his daughter; yet (though this had great *weight* in urging her to leave the house of the General) this was not all. She felt a sentiment daily gaining ground, which must undermine her *own* peace, and might perhaps for ever destroy that of Augusta. Unlike Miss Grandford, poor Cecilia was of a timid and retiring nature: she was not, like her friend, adapted to romantic enterprise, or to the execution of bold designs: the good opinion of the world had always been with *her* an object

of

of the most serious importance; and she would have *died* at any time rather than have been thought lightly of.

She had no opinion, however, that her fortitude was of a *supernatural* species. If she could not avoid the entrance of a passion which threatened the destruction of her repose, she could at least *fly* from the sight of the object which gave the alarm. She suffered her heart to have no time to parley with her inclinations: she knew the sentiments her friend entertained; she thought it more than probable that these sentiments should be reciprocal. She was herself destitute of friends, of fortune, and connection: what chance then of her felicity? Wisdom, prudence, virtue, friendship, all pointed out motives for her flight from a family where her presence could now neither contribute to her *own* happiness nor to that of *others*.

Reason, plain reason, and not romantic folly,

folly, had, it seems, been the main spring of her actions; and if it be a sign of a romantic mind to *shun temptation*, there is something much better in romance than ever I *suspected*.

When Cecilia returned to her friend, she found her laboring under a very fatal disease—a *broken heart*; she had submitted to circumstances with dignity, but her pride and her peace were mortally wounded.

"She pined in grief,
"And with a green and yellow melancholy
"She let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
"Feed on her damask cheek."

SHAKESPEAR.

For years she struggled on, and pride and nature warring in her bosom, the conflict was too much for her frame and spirits, robust and ardent as they were; and a consumption began to undermine her constitution. Her father, agitated with these alarming symptoms, eagerly sought

sought out the best advice which could be procured, and travel was proposed as the only remedy. Cecilia accompanied her to the south of France, with Jane Wildfire as their attendant. Here she remained more than two years. She grew better, and the decease of her father summoned her to England.

The General died, dividing his property into equal portions between Frederic and Augusta. Frederic was hurt at this partition; his father's income was never large; some of it died with him; when split in two, it left a mere independency to each of the survivors; and this impetuous young man was selfish enough to imagine, that because he was the eldest, and the representative of his family, that his sister ought to have been left *dependant* on *his* will and pleasure.

The name of Henry St. Leger was hateful to his ear: he had never been reconciled

ciled to me, and was convinced that I had always been *insidious* with regard to my conduct towards Augusta. Interest, he imagined, had made me give up my plans; but *now* he thought it more than probable that, freed from the restraint of parental authority, and mistress of a fortune of her *own*, she would call back her favorite adventurer, gall him by the object of the man he hated, revelling in the possession of what ought to have been his own. After giving this account,

"I now come to the point," said Montauban. "My sister and myself too soon "became objects of abhorrence to this ca- "pricious, arbitrary young tyrant. On "the decease of his father, he renewed "his former offer of marriage to Cecilia. "These proposals she of course rejected. "The recollection of the *picture*, of his "detested rival, came strongly across the "inflamed mind of Frederic; and Henry "St. Leger appeared a being formed to

"torment

" torment him every day, to be the de-
" stroying fiend of his happiness, his inte-
" rests, and his love.

" Enraged at being refused, he flew with
" his complaints to me as brother, who
" could only reply that Cecilia was the
" mistress of her own fate, and that if she
" did not feel her *heart* sufficiently inte-
" rested to authorise the bestowal of her
" *hand*, I might *lament*, but could not *in-*
" *terfere* in so delicate a circumstance. A
" quarrel of so very serious a nature was
" the issue of this conference, that I (Au-
" gustus) threw up the commission which
" had been given by his *father*, resolving
" not to submit to the hauteur of the *son*,
" and carried my sister from the house,
" much against the inclination of Augusta;
" but Cecilia felt it impossible to continue
" near Frederic any longer. In this emer-
" gency, the asylum which Hurleford had
" offered had been embraced; and in con-
" sequence of this arrangement, myself,

" Cecilia,

" Cecilia, and Jane Wildfire, the poor " maimed creature who has attended the " fortunes of all our family, are now ar- " rived at Jamaica."

There was nothing in all this account either to criminate my conduct, or to blacken my character; and when young Montauban paused, I looked him in the face, with an expression of some surprise.

" What I have left to say," said Augustus, " requires some delicacy; but as I still " believe *you* to be open and generous, let " *me* be frank and sincere. Cecilia loves " you. Now, could you love *her* as her " worth and virtues merit, I do not know " that man in the world whom I would " rather call brother-in-law than Henry " St. Leger."

" And I, by heaven!" (cried I, eagerly interrupting him) " never during my " whole life saw *one* woman whom I " could

" could for a moment have wished to " make my wife but Cecilia."

" Enough," rejoined Augustus; " now " hear what has alarmed me."

" Some months previous to our depar- " ture, Augusta Grandford suddenly *dis-* " *appeared.* Every art was used to trace " her, but in vain: her brother suspected " her of having followed *you* to India: if " that is the case, she must have been here " some time before *us.* Now, Henry, are " you or are you not privy to her flight?"

" Is it necessary, after what I have said, " to reply *No?* Do you think I could be " such a *double* villain? so infamous a " wretch to both?"

" Forgive me, Henry."

We embraced. Some tears were shed to the memory of Augusta Grandford,

we now concluded to have perished on her rash and ill-advised voyage.

Cecilia and myself, after this discourse, met with confidence. I shall not take up time with a recital of our courtship, or our love scenes. I was not a *youth*, and Cecilia was eight and twenty. We were neither of us at an age to listen all day to the murmur of falling rills, to play with the lambkins, or to wander like a shepherd or shepherdess through flower enamelled meadows. We were arrived at that period of time when judgment is ripe, and imagination steady. We loved not from *caprice*, but from an opinion that we were formed to make each other happy.

My little fortunes were improving. I had no chance of ever returning a *nabob* to my native country, nor did I wish to do so. I had that in my view, which is all that is requisite to happiness, and which a great

a great poet has described more amply in *three words*, than if he had written volumes upon the subject—*Health*, *peace*, *competence*.

Cecilia, like myself, desired no more. She was delighted with the plans I had framed to alleviate the sorrows of the suffering negroes. To share this task to *her* seemed the highest donation of fortune, the greatest treasure of wealth!

CHAPTER III.

Symptoms of matrimony—A social holiday—A history of a female warrior—in which is an old maimed soldier, a squire, a captain, a lover—battles, wounds, sieges, and hair breadth 'scapes—The most wonderful chapter in the whole work!

YOUNG HURLEFORD had made proposals to her brother for the hand of Cecilia; but when he found the state of our hearts with respect to each other, he sacrificed his love with the incense of a sigh at the shrine of honor and gratitude: the one forbidding him to put a woman to the blush, who had a decided preference for another man; and the other suppressing the thought of blasting the prospects of a friend to whom he had once been indebted for his life.

The

The happy day which was to unite my dear Cecilia to her Henry, was at length fixed. The previous month was a holiday of friendship, good humor, and social benevolence. Young Montauban was all joy; old Hurleford kept open house, his son appeared cheerful, and Jane Wildfire formed a romantic figure, as she joined the wild dance of the happy negroes, and diverted them with the songs she had learned among the soldiery, and the history of her exploits. This humble creature was of a character too amiable and too essential in the connection of this history to be passed over in silence; and we trust that the pages which contain a narrative of her life and adventures will not be thought a waste of time. I kow not whether I shall easily find a better opportunity than the present.

THE HISTORY OF JANE WILDFIRE.

Her father was an old soldier, who, with

a wooden leg, and four wounds in various parts of his body, was at length discharged the service. He arrived at his old cottage, where he found his wife, his daughter Jane, and her brother, all stout, robust, and hearty during his absence. They had all lived as well as they could, and the best they could do was hardly enough. They spun, weeded gardens, and did any laborious work that fell in their way.

Jane was always remarkably strong, and could earn some shillings per week, which was a chief source of wealth, by cutting wood, and selling it to the cottagers for fuel in winter time.

The sudden appearance of the father was a heavy blow upon this poor family, who could hardly scrape up money enough to keep themselves from starving during the hard season of the year. Affection, however, will go a great way: they resolved, therefore, to work double tides for

for the old man. He was very grateful for their attentions, and often made their work seem lighter, by telling them stories of the scenes he had been engaged in. He was so justly proud of his own king and country, that he hated the French almost as much as he adored the *name* of an Englishman.

While he was speaking, Jane felt a sensation unlike any thing she had ever known *before*. She dreamed of nothing but fighting; and her father, old Woodlock, was so pleased with her earnestness, that he cut a piece of timber into the shape of a gun, taught her the manual and platoon exercises, gave her a correct idea of the marching, facing, and all the minutiæ of military manœuvres. She added to this a complete knowledge of the broad-sword, and could wield any heavy instrument with uncommon facility. She almost forgot she was a woman; and if any of the neighbouring rustics offered her an affront,

she immediately laid aside the delicacy of her sex, and, with a stout cudgel in her hand, seldom failed of making the aggressor heartily sorry for his temerity.

The illness of her brother Tom, who laboured hard for the support of this little family, soon involved them in a state of the most deplorable poverty. At this sad moment their hopes were a little revived by the arrival of a man of fortune, who came to settle in their neighbourhood.

This stranger was one Captain Popinjay, a young gentleman, to whom the old soldier had formerly rendered a very material service. The Captain had been sent to his regiment a raw inexperienced youth. He was a very accomplished gentleman: he could sing, he could dance, he could speak French; but unluckily he was totally ignorant of all the duties of a soldier.

He committed so many blunders, that the

the commanding officer expressed his intention of complaining to the General, who was expected to superintend an ensuing review.

Captain Popinjay would most likely have been subjected to some rebuke and mortification, had it not happened to have been his good fortune to have Woodlock for a servant. He was so zealously attached to his master, that he promised to make all his difficulties easy. The Captain attended to him, and the veteran's explanations were so very simple, that on the review day he was enabled to take the field with confidence. When the General arrived, he was assailed on all sides with complaints of the idleness and total want of all discipline in the new Captain. The General determined to keep his eye particularly fixed on the company against which these charges were preferred; but to the astonishment of the whole camp, the men under the command of Popinjay, in regu-

larity, order, and celerity in their manœuvres, outstripped all their competitors. The General was in amazement, and the accusing officers were all struck dumb with confusion.

The young Captain was honored with the highest compliments in front of all the troops: nor was the reviewing General contented with this negative reparation of the injustice which he imagined had been done him, but promised to omit no opportunity of advancing his interests.

The Captain was in such raptures with the old fellow for having made him master of his art with so little *trouble*, that he swore he would make a man of him, and never rest till he had given him some substantial proof of his regard. His preferment, however, soon removed him to another regiment, and for many years the veteran soldier never heard a single word of him. A handsome fortune now left him

him by his father had enabled him to retire from the army; and Woodlock heard with joy of his arrival in the neighborhood, as he now looked upon himself in possession of a secure shield against poverty and misfortune.

Vain man, to rely on so feeble a prop as *gratitude!*

The adjoining estate to the Captain's was occupied by a Mr. Scamper. This gentleman was a great man at all elections and the Captain was now very ambitious of being a *parliament* man: no one ever dreamed of succeeding in that part of the world till he had first conciliated the interests of Mr. Scamper.

Henry Scamper, esquire, had passed the earlier part of his life by being, in the most literal sense of the word, the very *obedient humble servant* of every great man in power, and serving them in every way

which could be effected by the most abandoned prostitution of his character and his principles: as Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant says, he

> " Bowed, and bowed, and bowed!
> " And wrought and wriggled,
> " And wriggled and wrought,"

till he had at last wriggled himself into the estate he now possessed; and where he was feared, hated, and despised, or flattered, fawned upon, and cringed to by all the surrounding gentry: for although he was looked upon as a scoundrel that was a disgrace to the community of which he was a member, yet did he hold a scourge in his hand, with which he could lash all who dared oppose his tyranny; and as men sometimes hold the candle to the devil, he was often smiled upon by those who cursed him in their hearts, and had a party at his command by whose influence he could have any candidate elected or rejected, as it concurred with his interest or caprice.

Before the return of Woodlock, Mr. Scamper had been visited by the son of a peer, of great consequence in the metropolis. His name was the Honorable Mr. Whiffleton. His face was as ugly as affectation could make it; he was longer dressing than a lady, and his dress, when finished, only tended to make him ridiculous.

Although poor Jane is at present such a *sight*, she was at that time a well looking healthy girl. Mr. Whiffleton, though one of the ugliest men ever seen, took it into his head that no girl could look at him without falling in love with him. He placed his affections on poor Jane; but as she always shunned him, by the advice of Mr. Scamper he sent his French valet, Monsieur La Jeunesse, to her with a proposal. This said valet informed her, that his master was waiting an answer some hundred yards from the cottage of old Woodlock. She conducted Monsieur to her mother,

mother, and begged him to repeat his message to her. This ancient dame no sooner understood that the minikin gentleman's design was levelled against the honor of her daughter, than she seized the astonished valet by his two ears; and after pulling them for him till he roared with pain, locked him up in a cupboard, where she bade him stay until she had inflicted the same punishment upon his *master*.

Jane, however, desired the old lady to trust the management of her lover to herself, and she accordingly prepared for the rencontre. She found him as spruce as hands could make him, and affected to meet him with all the ardor he could have desired. She took him by the hand, and walked with him for near a quarter of a mile, till she came to the bankside of a muddy ditch, perfectly well known to her. Here, making a full stop, he began to press hard for a salute, which she as rigorously refused: he *persisted*, and was advancing

to

to snatch the favor by *force*, when, darting out her sinewy arm, she gave him a blow in the pit of the stomach, which sent him screaming and sprawling into the mud and filth below. Jane then ran laughing home, released the shivering Frenchman, and sent him to his master, who, returning home in a very nasty pickle, had to run the gauntlet through all the coarse jokes of Mr. Scamper's visitors, to whom he had unfortunately made many boasts of his triumph over the virtue of Jane.

Mr. Scamper, however, knew his interest too well to run the hazard of offending the family of the Whiffletons in any serious way: he therefore assured Jane, that if she did not make the most submissive apology, he would make her and her family heartily repent their conduct. She told him she defied both him and his threats; that she was convinced she had right on her side; and that if he *himself* was to behave as Mr. Whiffleton had done,

done, she should not make the least ceremony of serving him the same trick she had played his friend.

Mr. Scamper cursed Jane, and d—nd his soul and body but all this was very *fine!*

The appearance of Captain Popinjay was to this little family the most joyful event that could have possibly occurred: they were now, they thought, very sure of protection from the tyranny of Mr. Scamper. The father waited on him, was admitted, and saw the Captain; but what was his astonishment when, instead of the kind reception he expected, the young soldier asked if he was father to the saucy young woman who had the *audacity* to behave in so insolent a manner to his dear friend Mr. Scamper, a man of honor, and a gentleman? The father boldly answered, that *he* did not look upon him as *either*; and that he was glad his child had acted like a soldier's daughter, and a girl of spirit.

The

The Captain then informed the veteran, that he knew the poverty of his situation, and was willing to give him a trifle, but could not do so unless he made his girl ask pardon on *her knees* for her rudeness to Mr. Scamper and his friend.

The father then shewed him his wounds, told him he was a soldier, and that a soldier's child, whether the daughter of a general or a private, had her honor to defend, and that he should always love his girl for defending *her's*; and as for going down upon *her knees*, it was what none of his family had ever done, except when they prayed to *God Almighty*.

The Captain, enraged, bade the old man leave the room. The other obeyed with indignation.

It had been lucky for them all had the mischief ended here. They had now made the Captain equally their enemy with Mr. Scamper:

Scamper: a formidable trio was now formed for the ruin of this unfortunate groupe.

Captain Popinjay gave out that old Woodlock was an idle fellow, to whom he had formerly done a thousand good actions while he was in his regiment, for which he had behaved in the most ungrateful manner. They could get no work; they were half starved; the poor brother died; pay day came round, and they had not a shilling in the world to pay their *rent.*

The steward came to Jane to tell her that if she would be *prudent*, something might yet be done. She asked him what he meant. He mentioned the name of Mr. Whiffleton, and then proposed something so very improper, that she lost all patience, and with her clenched fist gave him a blow on the mouth, which beat two of his fore teeth down his throat.

Having

Having thus made the steward their enemy, they had now completed their misfortunes, and received orders to turn out in five days time.

In this scene of calamity, they had not a straw to cling to, until chance raised them a friend in Robert Wildfire, a hard working cottager, in a village some five miles off. Bob had been an old sweetheart of Jane's; but in one of their quarrels while they were making hay, he said something which not pleasing his mistress, she had taken up a large stick, and given him a very severe beating with it. From that time forwards, he swore he would have nothing to do with her, and went to a small cottage with his old mother, where, for poor people, they thrived tolerably well.

When Robert heard of her conduct towards Mr. Whiffleton, he construed the violence of her behavior into a partiality for

for himself, and began to feel very uneasy about her. When he found how much she had suffered from her rigid principles of virtue, he set off directly to her village, to renew his former offer of his hand and heart, at the same time promising to place her parents in the same cottage with his mother: he could leave them all comfortable, he said, especially as he could get a high bounty as a substitute (the war with America then raging) in the army.

To be a soldier's wife had always been the height of poor Jane's ambition; and indeed had Bob been in the army, he would certainly have been accepted long before this period.

The father and mother were thus settled in *another* parish, where the squire was a decided enemy to Mr. Scamper, on account of a late election: as soon as he heard, he wished to ruin these people, they were taken into favor, and met every encouragement

ragement from their *new* landlord, who, though one of the most hard hearted men in the world, was always ready to do good when, by so acting, he could mortify those who were not of his *own opinion*.

The parents thus provided for, she trudged away with her dear Robert. He soon joined his regiment, which was ordered abroad. A few of the women were permitted to embark with their husbands, and she was more than happy in being admitted into the number. They were soon landed on the then hostile shores of America. The scenes of universal hurry and confusion she at first met with were so like those that her father had formerly described to her, her senses were bewildered with the novelty of the scene: this novelty soon vanished, and she waked to sorrow, to suffering, and to hardship. Sometimes they marched whole days together, unable to enjoy a comfortable meal: sometimes they were compelled to lie on snow hillocks,

locks, or sleep in ditches nearly frozen by the intenseness of the cold.

She saw many a lusty fellow faint with hunger; many a stout heart expire with fatigue. Many months were passed this way previous to their coming to action.

One day, after fording a deep river up to their knees in water, they met the enemy drawn up, to double their number, on the other side.

A hot action immediately took place. The English forces were wasted by famine and fatigue; the enemies were fresh and vigorous; and during the engagement their women supplied them with brandy, into which they put a quantity of opium, which enflamed them almost to *madness*. *Our* poor fellows could get nothing but water, yet they fought like heroes.*

* Mr. Sandford, of Worcester, a gentleman of the most elegant manners, of high note in his profession, and

Overpowered by numbers, they were at last compelled to fly. Jane snatched up a dead serjeant's sword, and retreated with her dear Bob.

As they were retreating, Jane fell in with a straggling party of the enemy, who were bearing off an officer prisoner. They knew him immediately to be Colonel Montauban, who had rescued poor Robert from the terrible sentence which had been pronounced against him.

The enemy were three in number; but the husband and wife, animated by gratitude, resolved to attempt his rescue; and chiefly by the undaunted courage of the woman, they had the gratification of re-

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and most accomplished talents, mentions a circumstance of this kind in a little treatise on the use of Vinous Spirits; a work which carries conviction in every sentence. Mr. Sandford, whose work is now out of print, would confer a great obligation on the public by giving another edition of it.

leasing

leasing their protector, and arming him with the sword of one of his captors. In this exploit her face and eye were terribly mangled by a pistol shot.

I have before explained, in the recital of Augusta, to what heights she had carried her sense of obligation, by her protection of the helpless family of Montauban.

In various actions she met with those wounds which have so horribly mutilated a face which was once admired for its beauty.

While General Grandford was a colonel, he lay wounded on the ground, in a hot action. A soldier advanced to dash out his brains with a musket. Jane received the blow on her mouth, and shot the soldier in his attempt. Her husband fell in battle. She was inconsolable for his loss. For although her nerves were strong, her heart was tenderness itself.

When

When she returned, she found all her relatives dead. Left alone in a wide world, she was compelled, in opposition to her feelings and her pride, to seek relief from those she had saved from death and danger. Gratitude urged Montauban to a remembrance of her; and she had those advantages given her which Augusta had mentioned to me in our interesting conversation. How she returned all these favors you now well know.

General Grandford, ashamed of having neglected her, settled fifteen pounds a year on her; and her parents being no more, poor Jane thought this a vast sum, took a small cottage, and, by vigorous exertion, was able not only to support herself, but to do a great deal of good to many poor people around her. She provided for Cecilia during her absence from the family of General Grandford: she never was so proud as when she had it in her power to shew the gratitude of her heart: she was,

she is, and she will die a *heroine*. She returned to young Montauban, when my going India put an end to all perplexity, and produced his lost sister.

When the General died, and young Grandford behaved so ill, she obtained leave to attach herself to their fortunes, and embarked with the sister and brother for Jamaica.

Thus have I given you the story of this poor but singular woman; singular for *virtue*, for *courage*, and for *fidelity*. She has been so material an agent in the family of Cecilia, that it is far from irrelevant to the history I am relating.

Had Jane been the wife of a colonel or a general, she had been extolled in prints, recorded in history, and held up by poetry to the example and imitation of future ages. Good fortune is a great agent in conferring fame, and good fortune alone

was

was wanting to render Jane the equal of Joan of Arc, or the celebrated Jane de Montfort!

This recital will spare a confusion which might have been occasioned had I deferred it. I now proceed to the continuation of my own adventures.

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CHAPTER IV.

A marriage day fixed—An awkward discovery—An old friend—A perplexity disentangled—How to do a generous act—A sacrifice—a death—a mother's letter—a copy of verses—a voyage—an arrival—an account—an earthquake—a rencontre—a death blow—a flight—a cottager—a concealment—a child's death—a wife's philosophy a servant's fidelity—an arrest—a prison.

I WAS at length fortunate enough to prevail on my dear Cecilia to fix the day which was to make me the happiest of men. After once avowing a partiality in my favor, she did not treat me with caprice, with coldness, nor with reserve. She knew that mutual confidence was to be the basis of our future happiness; and of the confidence she *expected*, she set me the most amiable *example*.

Many

Many a young woman has by her whims and her ridiculous assumption disgusted a man before marriage—a fatal rock, of which every lady should beware. This is a mere caution: but, fair readers, it is a caution worthy a few moments consideration. I will not say *more*, but leave it to your own minds to draw the line: if you make my dear Cecilia your model, you will be pretty sure to be right. For this conduct I can give no precise directions. Do not assume too much, is the grand rule; and with this kept stedfastly in the mind's eye, you will not deviate far from the track.

I have broken the thread of my narrative by giving the story of Jane Wildfire, and chuse to *connect* it by the circumstance of our fixing the day of marriage, that the peruser of my story may keep it easily in his eye.

I have said in the last chapter, that this

circumstance was a theme of content to every one around us. This felicity was interrupted by a very singular event.

Several vessels now arrived, and the hurry of business they occasioned made it indispensably necessary for us to defer our nuptials. I was mortified at this delay; but Hurleford wished to be a partaker of the pleasures of the scene, which his business would at present forbid; and I was under too many obligations not to make any slight sacrifice which lay in my power to please or oblige him. I therefore complied.

I had a black woman of the name of Barbara, who was my housekeeper. I had been a friend to her, and had purchased her son of a neighbouring planter, that they might be together, as I always considered that dividing the sacred ties of nature was one of the most deplorable circumstances which attended the already too miserable

miserable lot of the unhappy slave. This poor creature was grateful and affectionate. When I went home one evening, I found her dissolved in tears. When I asked her the cause, she could only reply, "Because "you good massa: every body love my "good massa. Bochro lady in fine dress, "she think it no matter to cross seas to "see good massa!"

"What do you mean?"

"There be fine Bochro lady here just "now: she come again in an hour: she "leave me just now; she come here in "great ship yesterday; she talk to me "about massa; she say him good, him "great: I tell her, Oh yes; I tell her massa "come here; massa see me cry for Tombo; "he see my heart break for Tombo; he "bring Tombo to his mother; he see poor "negro woman weep on Tombo's neck; "he say *live together*. Oh God bless dear, "good, kind, kind massa!"

The grateful creature here sobbed loudly. I saw she was affected, but could not form the most distant conception of what her rhapsody meant. I was roused from my reverie by the sudden jar of my door, which was violently thrown open, and young Montauban burst in with marks of the most violent agitation. I demanded the cause of this sudden visit.

"The cause, Sir?" said he; "and can "you ask such a question of the brother "of Cecilia? Read this, and judge for "yourself what the feelings of that bro- "ther ought to be."

I took the letter he presented to me, and read as follows.

"*To Augustus Montauban, Esq. Jamaica.*

"I hear you are in India; and I hope "you will credit me when I solemnly de- "clare I have now no enmity remaining "in

" in my heart against you; nor is this
" letter the effort of mean jealousy against
" the man who has disappointed all my
" hopes of happiness with your sister.

" How I have loved her, she and you
" know full well; but, so help me heaven,
" I wish her every happiness: and with
" these sentiments for *her* honor, for my
" *sister's*, for *yours*, for my *own*, I should
" feel myself a monster if I allowed a wo-
" man whom I once loved as I *have* loved
" Cecilia, to unite her fate with that of
" the most specious villain, the most ac-
" complished hypocrite that ever yet dis-
" graced humanity. Need I pronounce
" the name of Henry St. Leger? On the
" disappearance of my sister, I immediate-
" ly concluded him to be the cursed cause
" of her dishonor, and of the infamy of
" her family. This viper, warmed by my
" dead father's bounty at his own fire side,
" snatched by his benevolence from po-
" verty the most abject, has been the

" avenging scourge of our house. When " I think of him, I am tortured almost to " madness!

" Now, Sir, all my suspicions are con- " firmed. Augusta, Augusta, for years " supposed to be dying, has recovered her " strength so far as to endure unheard-of " hardships in the pursuit of her accursed " paramour! I have traced all her arts, all " her shame: she took a passage in a ship " bound to India under a *feigned* name: " the vessel was taken by a privateer, and " she has been for some time a prisoner in " France: she has at length recovered her " liberty, and is flown on the wings of " love and desire to the arms of the vile " St. Leger. Eleven years have not cooled " her passion for that ungrateful man. " You will exclaim with me, Oh sex, sex! " Even Hawthornden has given him up: " he died convinced that his once valued " young friend was a most consummate " villain. Warn your sister: trust not " his

" his vile and specious arts. She who *was* " my sister (for never, after the steps she " has taken, shall she *more* claim that ho- " norable title), is, I am well satisfied, at " this moment in India. The ungrateful " wretch may have concealed her from " your knowledge. Her honor given so " lightly, he may throw her off: let him. " She deserves to be abandoned. Cecilia " is innocent: I would save *her* if I could. " Make your advantage of the warning I " send you. *You* may have christian cha- " rity enough to pardon this sanctified be- " trayer of female virtue, this monster of " ingratitude: *I* have not. Warn him to " let the ocean still divide *us*. Should he " come within my reach, by the Almighty " he shall feel the resentment of the injured

" FREDERIC GRANDFORD."

" Unhappy brother to an angel," cried I; " whither have his passions and the " madness of his disappointed love betray- " ed him?"

" You know not, then?"

" Augustus," said I, sternly, " I told " you at the first I was no villain: urge " me not too far: this is the *third* time " you have degraded the spotless purity " of my heart with these foul suspicions."

" Forgive me, *brother*."

" That name softens all."

At this moment Barbara led in a lady, who, lifting up her veil, discovered the features of Augusta. " Miss Grandford!" cried Augustus, starting back. He eyed me in an agony of suspence, fearful to *accuse*, yet knowing not how to discredit the evidence of his eyes; he stood a rooted picture of amazement.

" Yes, St. Leger," said Augusta, " I am " the unhappy woman he has named; yet " think not that I am come to disturb " your

" your joys: I am here to do an act of " justice to *your* virtues, and to those of a " more deserving rival."

Both our eyes were now directed towards her.

" Explain yourself, Madam," cried I; " and vindicate my wounded fame. Have " *I* been the means of seducing you from " a brother? Have I been in *any way* privy " to the steps you have taken?"

" No, on my *soul*."

Montauban looked still with suspicion on us.

" You are much altered, Miss Grand- " ford," said I: for, in addition to the ravages committed by the hand of time, I saw that she was in the last stage of a deep decline.

" Yes

" Yes I am altered, Mr. St. Leger," said she; " sorrow, illness, and the painful re-
" collection of my own errors, have com-
" pleted what I have long devoutly wished
" for. I feel that I have not long to live.
" I have for some years known that my
" existence was coming to a point. To
" close my eyes among friends—to breathe
" my last sigh upon the bosom of my dear
" Cecilia, is the only alleviation I ever pro-
" mised myself: this felicity I am likely to
" enjoy; and having accomplished *that*, I
" shall resign myself with cheerful satis-
" faction to my fate."

We perceived that the languor of illness was upon her. We sent for Cecilia: the meeting between the two friends was tender and affecting, and the newly arrived lady was entrusted to her care.

Events upon events crowd so rapidly upon me, that, compelled to be *brief*, I am fearful of running into the opposite extreme,

treme, and becoming *obscure*. I am not reciting a *poem*; I am telling a *tale*. Should my style therefore fail of being sufficiently *ornamental*, I beg leave not to have it entirely condemned till I make any *pretensions* to *poetical* ability. With this caution, I will now proceed to give a brief account of the motives and actions of Augusta.

Since her father's death, she had been treated with every brutality by an incensed and naturally passionate brother. He always suspected that every impulse of her mind, every action of her conduct, was influenced by the partiality she entertained for a man now far removed from her view. I have mentioned her illness. While she was thought to be in immediate danger, Frederic imagined that the grave would shortly rid him of all anxiety upon her account: but no sooner did she appear the least improved in her constitution, than he hit upon an expedient of frustrating all her hopes, more terrible to her

her than any the ingenuity of persevering tyranny could have possibly devised.

Lord Groston, an old nobleman, debilitated, emaciated, and distinguished by nothing but his vices, vices he was too old to enjoy, had seen Augusta, and made proposals for her to her brother. He was rich, he was powerful, he might be of service to Frederic, who now considered Augusta as entirely at his mercy. He looked upon himself as her natural guardian: he considered a hesitation to comply with his wishes as a species of *rebellion*. In vain did she urge her independent fortune: she had no near relative to whom she could apply: she was long past the age when all women are allowed by the laws of their country to be competent to judge for *themselves*; yet, entangled with a furious brother, and a powerful nobleman, she was worse off than an infant or a ward.

Frederic reproached her with her passion

sion for me.* He grew at last so gross, that, though she had often lamented her romantic contempt for the world in the early part of her life, (a contempt which was probably the reason she met with so little support from that world when she stood in need of it) she determined to finish her career with an act more high-flown than any she had ever dreamed of in her most *visionary days*.

Robbed of the consoling friend she had ever found in Cecilia, she determined to seek that tender partner of her early sorrows, even in India. Her fortune might be remitted her; and with the amiable Miss Montauban she flattered herself with enjoying the sun-set of life in peace and contentment. Friendship seemed the only haven to which her "sea-sick weary bark" could hope to attain.

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* St. Leger, though he committed these incidents to writing, must be considered as *speaking* to Francis, Briarly, and Louisa, in the prison.

The world, she knew, might put other constructions on her conduct: but what is the world to minds romantic like Augusta's? To *them*, the universe is not bounded to the rooms at Bath, nor the public parties of the metropolis. She was soon to die; she wished to die in the arms of peace: she was to be wafted over a wide ocean, conveyed to a different region, to a spot where the remark of the prude, the sneer of the slanderer, and the whisper of the coquette were (she thought) too feeble to arrive. She seldom gave herself much time to ponder on any step she wished to take. With her,

> "Decision followed as the thunderbolt
> "Pursues the flash."

She escaped from her brother, and set sail to India: a French privateer captured the vessel in which she was embarked. The captain was a man of gallantry and humanity: he carried her to his own house,

house, where he soon felt the force of her charms, and made her honorable proposals, which were of course rejected. These disappointments seldom prey on the quiet of a Frenchman: he dropped his passion, but preserved his gallantry, and a lively interest in her *happiness*. He had her conveyed to Jamaica by means of his interest.

After she was gone, he learned by some accident her real name and circumstances: he immediately wrote to a correspondent in England, who communicated the intelligence (we have already related in the letter received by Augustus) to her brother.

When Augusta arrived in India, she was recommended to a principal person at Jamaica. She immediately enquired after her former friends.

The house of Mr. Hurleford, at which Cecilia still resided, being at a considerable distance, she naturally directed her next enquiries

enquiries after my own. Here she heard of the marriage which was so soon to take place: she thought that under these circumstances there could be no impropriety in her *seeing me*; and had begged that some one might conduct her to my house, which happened to be near the plantation of the merchant. A negro conducted her, and I chancing to be from home, she had entered into the conversation with Barbara, which that grateful and affectionate creature had so wildly and imperfectly described to me. She had enquired when she could see me; and learning the hour, had come thus suddenly upon us at the very time she was the subject of our contention.

Thus have I executed my task of explanation in unravelling these knots of perplexities as well as I can. I hope I have succeeded. If not, I am truly sorry: but my life has been so *singular*, and marked with many events so uncommon, that I have

have a much more difficult trial to go through in delivering it to my friends, than him whose day and to-morrow has been still the same through a life passed in *monotonous uniformity.**

Fatigue and travel had now completely undermined the already enfeebled constitution of the enthusiastic Augusta. Death was all she wished, all she prayed for. Her friend Cecilia did all in her power to reanimate her fainting hopes; but every attempt of this kind was vain and futile.

Hurleford was good to her; and she was now the object of pity, of esteem, and of affection to every one who knew her melancholy story. Young Montauban felt all his former tenderness reviving in his bosom; but she had a saintlike dignity in

* I feel it frequently necessary to remind the reader, that the life of St. Leger was delivered to his audience at various times and in different portions.

her

her sorrow, which precluded all hope, and seemed to indicate none but the most purified passions.

She grew so very ill, that my dear Cecilia, with a delicacy, for which I must ever love and esteem her, desired that our marriage might be yet longer delayed, as it seemed to her a piece of unnecessary barbarity to wound the feelings of Augusta by a sight which the hand of death was about to veil from her eyes for ever.

The sacrifice was not lost on her generous rival.

"You are too good," she would say, "to an unhappy being, who never can "have it in her power to make you a sufficient reward for this sacrifice; but "there is one above who sees and rewards "the virtuous and the good: to his eternal justice I entrust the remuneration "of your benevolence."

We

We all endeavoured to cheer up her spirits, and animate her with hopes of future hours of happiness. She would shake her head, and with a half smile wipe away the tears which were ready to gush in torrents down her cheeks. Life, she said, would now be a burthen to her; she waited the hour of the divine will with *resignation*; but that could she, without a crime, fix one for herself, she should most certainly appoint an *early* one. She said she should die unconscious of any intentional evil, guiltless of any serious crime: *one* reflection, and *one* alone, she said, laid heavy at her heart. Being asked what it was? she replied, that she had been guilty of a strong error in her blameful negligence of the *opinions of the world*. To that, she said, she now attributed every moment that had saddened her life: had she not given way to that idle and romantic notion, she expressed herself convinced that she should have conquered every dangerous emotion as it rose, have been able to subdue

subdue her feelings, to govern her mind, and to regulate her heart.

Augusta may prove an example to many young ladies, who, without any real or serious errors, are involved in the same miseries which punish the vain, the light, the criminal, and the faulty.

The bounds of right and wrong must ever be decided by the *opinions* of the *society* with which we mingle. When we enter into the world, we are bound by an implied and tacit compact to abide by the rules of the community, to which every one, in some degree or other, is necessitated to belong. Honor and prudence demand that this compact should be strictly kept: its *forms* may be broke through without a deviation from strict virtue, but never without wandering from the precincts of *decency* and good manners. She who, from a romantic liberality of sentiment, trusts to her own heart and conscience,

conscience, while she bids defiance to common fame, and tramples on established forms, will have little but her own heart and conscience to console her. None but *herself* can judge of the internal goodness of her mind: *every one* can decide upon the external conduct of her manners and her actions.

The most pious Christian, though he would disdain to partake in the ceremonies of a Mahomedan's service, would respect the laws of good manners too much to rudely burst in and overturn his altars. How much more then is a female to blame who can persuade herself to break those bounds which, though delicate in their construction, are the strongest ramparts, and the most impregnable bulwarks which human ingenuity could have possibly erected for her safety and protection?

Such had been the grand and leading mistake in the life and character of Au-

gusta Grandford; a mistake she very candidly avowed, and very sincerely *repented*.

She grew evidently worse and worse each succeeding day, a circumstance viewed in a different point of sight by her *friends* and *herself;* a sensation of truest regret penetrating the minds of the former, whilst the latter looked forward to the day of her dissolution as to the consummation of an event devoutly to be wished for. A ray of animated hope began to beam with an expression not to be described upon her eye. Her skin became transparent: and she really appeared much more like a celestial than a being of this earth. Having repented her follies and mistakes (for to *crimes* and *vices* she had ever been a stranger), she now looked forward to a better state with the animation of hope, and the convictions of religion.

Her property was to die with her; she had saved, however, some hundreds out of

of her income, which she insisted on bestowing upon Cecilia as a marriage portion. I would not hurt her mind by any opposition to her wishes; but made a steady determination not to deprive her *family* of a single shilling of this money. Her brother had in his conduct towards me been unjust and ungenerous; but *still* I could not consent to calmly put the money of his sister into my pocket, while I knew she had so near a relative alive.

I had been received into the family of Augusta's father at a moment when that reception was highly necessary and convenient to me. He who, after worming himself into any house, contrives to rob the relatives of the master of it of a portion of their right, may perhaps keep his possession undisturbed by the *law*; but if, after such an infamous kind of *robbery*, he can hold it unmolested by his *conscience*, he must have different feelings, ideas, and sentiments from mine.

The death of Augusta was attended by the circumstance she had so eagerly desired. The bosom of Cecilia was the pillow on which she breathed her last sigh.

I need not say I felt much at the end of this amiable and ill-fated girl. To know myself in some degree the *cause* of her sufferings, was a circumstance too of the deepest regret: yet, upon a fair and impartial summary of my conduct, I knew not how I could have acted otherwise than I had done with any consistency. I never considered poverty as an evil, while peace of mind was preserved. What peace of mind can that man or woman enjoy who weds for *money*, not for *love?* What must be the miserable effects of such an union? Worse, ten thousand times worse than death, penury, or pain.

We followed Augusta to her grave. Every heart was touched with her misfortunes, every eye overflowed at her fate. The

The grief of young Montauban was great; he had tenderly loved her: abstracted from all ideas of *fortune*, he had truly admired her *person* and her *character*. It was as much as his sister and Jane Wildfire could do to keep his grief within any tolerable bounds.

Her tomb was modest, simple, and elegant. A tender reverence for her character dictated the following lines, which I had inscribed upon it.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MISS AUGUSTA GRANDFORD,

AGED 31.

Before the year shall roll away,
From thy unsullied virgin clay
Shall many a violet grow;
Fresh roses, like thyself, shall rise,
And bring thy fate before our eyes,
By with'ring ere they blow.

Esteem and Friendship shall be near,
To wet this shrine with many a tear,
And Pity too shall weep;
Affection, Honor, Virtue, Truth,
In sad remembrance of thy youth,
A pensive sabbath keep.

For thee, dear maid, at early dawn,
Heaven's dew shall weep upon the lawn,
Whilst, with suspended wing,
The drooping skylark thro' the gloom
Will twitter grief upon thy tomb,
Nor to the morning sing.

H. ST. LEGER.

After the discharge of this last melancholy duty of friendship, we gave time for the keenness of sorrow and regret to subside, and I then became the husband of my Cecilia.

I had written to my now aged mother with an account of my fortunes: since that I frequently corresponded with her, and now transmitted an account of the happy event which had just taken place, earnestly

earnestly conjuring her to come to me to India, and pass the last winter of her days with a son who honored, and a daughter who longed to give her every mark of her duty and affection.

To these letters I received answers of the kindest nature. She complained of illness, and yet told me she had no doubt but that her constitution would get the better of her present attack. She begged me not to make myself uneasy, nor let my anxiety on her account interrupt me in the enjoyment of the first and greatest blessing that the Almighty could bestow upon his deserving creatures—a good and virtuous wife. She doubted not, she added, still to be able to encrease my felicity by coming to share it with me; and concluded with her blessing to her daughter. Some years rolled away in tranquil joy, and nothing was wanting to the final completion of my happiness, but the presence of my revered and beloved parent.

Two fine children crowned our wishes. We had the friendship of Hurleford, his son, and young Montauban, who married a lady of some property in a neighboring plantation. Every thing smiled around us. The sable troop entrusted to our care looked upon us not as inhuman tyrants, but as guardian angels. We had exterminated the painful ideas of slavery in their bosoms: we were more than their *masters* —we were their *friends*. I cannot say we were ever attaining to *riches*; but we had *more*—we had the inexhaustible mines of grateful *content*: we had all I ever *did*, all I ever *shall* sigh for—"Enough to be ge-"nerous, too much to be *poor*." Our children thrived. Oh, my poor babes! But Heaven's will be done!

A letter arrived from my honored mother. She owned she was now very ill. She did not expect that I should cross the seas to visit her. She was too generous to demand so great a sacrifice; but this generosity

generosity acted more forcibly on my heart, than the most powerful entreaties could have done: she had always been to me kind, bountiful and affectionate. I knew it would cheer her last moments to have her lids closed by a darling son: I should have despised myself, could I, wrapped up in my own selfish happiness, have neglected this last call of nature.

I proposed the subject to my Cecilia, who without one moment's hesitation, entreated to be allowed to accompany me: we resolved to carry our youngest child, a fine ruddy improving boy, to England with us; our eldest, a beautiful girl, we left in the care of young Montauban and his bride.

We embarked for England; I hastened the moment of my arrival to the spot which held my mother: we approached it with palpitating hearts;—I rapped at the door:—an old woman, the only tenant of

the lonely mansion, opened the gate: she no sooner learned who we were, than her tears anticipated the melancholy tidings she had to convey: Oh memory! My wounds still bleed afresh at the recollection of my sufferings, when I heard that Amelia, the mother of my affections—the good, the gentle, the pious Amelia St. Leger, was no more!

Cecilia soothed my regret with a cherub's softness; when I lamented in loud sobs that no friend had performed the last obsequies to the corpse of a mother so dear to my soul. Here the old woman diminished my sorrow, but encreased my wonder, by informing me, that she had met with every comfort and consolation, from a very old gentleman who had come to visit her, and had been her constant companion during the last weeks of her life; she seemed to rejoice in his society, and had on her death bed entrusted all her commands and wishes to his care.

He

He had erected a simple stone to her memory; remained some days in the neighborhood after her decease; and had been thought *mad* by every one around, from the strangeness of his behavior; he visited her tomb every night, if the weather was fair or tempestuous:—he had frightened many of the neighboring rustics, who had often seen this venerable figure, of a moonlight night, his head uncovered, and his silver locks streaming with the wind, kneeling before the tomb of Amelia, his eyes wildly turned up to heaven and his aged hands clasped and exalted in the attitude of prayer.

Who this old gentleman was, she said, no one could ever discover, but whoever he was, she and all the poor would long have reason to bless him; he had given her a handsome sum, with orders to remain in the pretty cottage of Mrs. St. Leger, till she should hear farther from him; and had left a considerable sum of money

in the hands of the parson of a little church not a mile off, the interest of which was to be yearly distributed in the name of Amelia, among four of the poorest and most virtuous widows in the parish. I was softened and delighted to find my mother had passed her last hours with a soul so congenial to her own! "Whoever "the venerable stranger may be," cried I, "may that God, who delights in reward "ing actions of piety and charity, reward "him for his goodness to her, who de- "served all the tribute piety could pay!"

I walked with Cecilia, my little one in my hand, to the tomb of my mother.

It was a wet day, the winds seemed to sigh on the trees around her humble stone, and the heavens to weep on the simple marble of her tomb.

It was a plain white slab. The old woman pointed it out. The inscription had

had been placed by the order and expence of the aged stranger. It ran thus :

Beneath this stone rests
all that remains
of
Innocence, Piety, Truth
Virtue.
To sum up *these* in a
few short words,
here lie the relics
of
AMELIA St. LEGER,
daughter to a man
of honour,
and
A British Sailor.
She was a most affectionate
Wife,
A tender Mother,
a
GOOD CHRISTIAN.
Oh gentle reader!
pause !
and
Copy her life !
imitate
Her Death.

On

On this I knelt and prayed, my wife joined my orisons, my little cherub placed herself by my side, and added the pure incense of his prayers to ours.

The offering was acceptable to Heaven, for after this sad duty, I rose with a mind invigorated, a heart refreshed. We gave a little money to the old woman, and in the afternoon set out in a hired chaise for London; I had now another duty to perform. I had acquainted Frederic Grandford, that I should ever hold myself accountable to him for the money his sister had left me in India; and would remit it to him any time he should think fit to call upon me for it, or pay it to his order in India.

He had never taken any notice of this intimation, but I was too high minded to entertain an idea of making use of a property, which I imagined the right of a man who had used me ill, and had brought the money

money over with me, resolved to find him out, and convince him, that however he might think fit to hate or despise me, I was resolutely bent on acting in such a manner, as to convince the *rest of the world*, that he had no title for his hatred or contempt.

This was all I now had to do in England, and having finished this affair (as I considered it of honor) I determined to return to our home in India, and there pass the rest of my days in the bosom of love and friendship.

" Oh blest ideas !—never—never to be " realized."

I arrived in London, and wrote a polite note to Mr. Grandford desiring to see him, and begging the honor of an interview.

He waited on me with a friend; I saw that all his former angry passions lived within

within his heart. He placed two pistols on the table, and told me *this* was the only account he would ever be brought to settle with a *villain*.

There are words, which patience cannot pass; there are insults, which nerve the arm of cowardice itself.

I always abhorred the bloody and brutal custom of duelling—yet to live under a *stigma* was what I could by no means bear to think of.

I laid my hand on one of the instruments of death, but at that moment, looking young Grandford in the face, he bore so strong a resemblance to the unfortunate Augusta, that with a shudder I dropped it, and begged him to be calm. He held his own pistol in his hand;—his fury rose to frenzy;—he cocked it;—levelled it at my head;—I darted forward and caught him violently by the arm;—we had a long struggle;

struggle;—in the confusion, he *himself* pulled the trigger, while the mouth of the weapon was turned towards his body;—it went off;—and, oh horror! he fell at my feet, lifeless, and weltering in his blood.

His friend immediately made his escape—I bound up his wound with my handkerchief;—but alas, all was vain! the unhappy Frederic was *no more!*

A crowd rushed into the apartment: every circumstance now appeared to my disadvantage—I was discovered, red with the blood of a dying man; and the pistol lying close to *my* side. I was instantly seized;—my wife and child alarmed, ran down the stairs and entered the apartment;—Oh heavens! what an excruciating sight for them!—the once happy husband and father, *now* stood before them accused of a calm deliberate murder: *some* women would have sunk beneath this accumulation

cumulation of horrors; not so Cecilia, she gathered strength from her trials, she knew me too well, to imagine that I could be guilty, and knowing me otherwise, resolved to deport herself with the dignity which became the wife of an innocent man. She comforted her little one, and by the unexampled greatness of her behavior, inspired her husband with a fortitude he could not *otherwise* have sustained.

I was hurried to a gaol; every thing was taken from me. I was in a situation which would have overwhelmed my mind with desperation, had not Cecilia come like an angel to my prison, and made me blush to think that the oak should shrink beneath the tempest, while the tender lily could thus rear its head amid the storm. Thank God! in this agonizing scene of distress, I could not recollect *one* action of my past life with which I could seriously upbraid myself:—I had been an *enemy* to

no

no one: I had befriended *every* one as far as my poor *ability* could extend.

We had no friend in England, and the day of trial was now rapidly approaching. I knew my innocence; yet would a shudder of terror convulse my frame when I thought what *might* be the consequences to my wife and child, should that innocence not be fully *established*—disgrace, infamy, a public death! Oh, who can revolve such horrid circumstances in his mind, and still preserve his fortitude? It is too much for the *innocent*; what pity then can be adequate to the sufferings of the *guilty?*

My wife was one morning surprised by a new visitor. It was poor Jane Wildfire. She brought news of the most afflicting nature. She had been absent on a visit several miles from our house in Jamaica, when tidings were brought her that a hurricane

hurricane had buried my mansion, destroyed my child; and Hurleford, his son, young Montauban and his bride, had all perished by the dreadful concussion. She had felt the tempest even at the distance she was from the spot: she had contrived to get a passage to England, and instead of meeting comfort in her master and mistress, had traced them to a prison! Oh, what a shock was here! Oh, beloved Cecilia, to *thee* I owe that my head did not turn, that I did not dash out my brains against my prison walls! Ye *poor men*, let the joys of domestic love be your support in all the agonising trials of human life. If, like me, ye can find the blessings of connubial love, *rich men*, while they *pity*, would have greater cause to envy ye!

While I groaned over the infant *lost*, Cecilia, scorning the hacknied terms of common consolation, took a more forcible, a more convincing method to recal me to my

my senses. She produced the surviving cherubim to my view: "FATHER!" said the little *angel*. The word father was enough. Reason flashed on my mind. I sobbed on his neck. I—I—cannot *go on*.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

A trial—an English jury—event of the trial—Crying, singing, laughing, and dancing—The children of a cottager—A cottage—labour, content—A fire by night—A father—a child—a wife.

THE morning which ushered in the day of my trial rose awful and tremendous. I could not help a conviction, that he was *safe*, whose life was entrusted to the judgment of twelve of his fellow citizens, all men like himself, all liable to be placed in the same calamitous situation, all human beings susceptible of pity: yet, should circumstances appear strong against me, they were *men*, and being men, were liable to error.

The friend of Frederic, who had fled on the discharge of the pistol, could no where

where be found. His evidence could at once have cleared me; but the fatal absence of this man now left all to a hazard. My trial was a noble and a fair one. I supported the tremendous ceremony with more fortitude than I had imagined I could possibly have exerted. Truth flashed on the jury at once. I was most honorably acquitted. At the moment my sentence was announced, my ears rung in wards, a mist swam before my eyes, and my senses were all upon the wing, when they were suddenly recalled by a loud laugh: it proceeded from our poor servant Jane Wildfire, who had attended the court, and heard the trial with more agitation than even *I* had felt myself. No sooner did the words *not guilty* reach her ears, than, forgetting where she was, she ran jumping, shouting, laughing, and hugging every one who came in her way. The wild transports of this poor creature served, in some degree, to steady my imagination.

When

When I returned to my confinement, I found my wife awaiting with a terror which almost amounted to frenzy, the tidings which were to confirm or destroy her happiness for ever.

That strenuous courage which had propped my fortitude when I was in danger, forsook her the moment she found that I no longer needed her support. The woman *now* took place of the heroine, and she fell into strong hysterics. The assiduous attentions of the faithful Jane Wildfire were of material service in bringing her to herself.

When this tumult was abated, we were by no means in a condition to be envied. I was *free*, it is true; and he who has once known what it is to be deprived of the god-like liberty of going where he pleases, and acting as he chooses, will, for some time after the recovery of his liberty, hold every danger light, every distress as insignificant.

Still, however, from the fatal hurricane which had at once robbed me of my friends and my estates, I was at this moment a forlorn wanderer upon the face of the earth. I knew no friend in England to whom I could apply. Hawthornden was no more; and my old friend the Bookseller had migrated to America. I had three to support; my wife, myself, and my child. As to poor Jane, she would not be any burthen to us: she resolved to return to the neighborhood of her old cottage, and work as she had formerly done. With a mind agitated for the preservation of a set of beings dearer to my heart-strings than light or life, I resolved to imitate the conduct of this poor wretch, and owe my existence to my *bodily* exertions. I knew there were many thousands in England, fathers of families, who maintained their wives and infants with a manly independence, without ever thinking their lots hard, or whining against Providence.

I have often seen a little happy groupe, as I have travelled on a fine summer's day, playing before hovels, where one would suppose that nothing but penury and beggary could enter. Still have I seen crimson health blushing through their ruddy cheeks, their white hair curling over their foreheads, and their eyes bright as their hearts were gay and cheerful. Their manly father at the plough toils for a scanty pittance; and let luxury acknowledge with the accusing glow of shame, how little is necessary to the support of health and nature.

These reflections produced a resolution which I am conscious that every one will condemn as romantic. I bought (by the sale of my watch, seals, rings, and all my wife's trinkets) a small cottage near to that of Jane Wildfire: there was a garden before it, which I was told might, by persevering industry, be made productive. Here I brought my wife and child.

Were

Were I to state that in this life of want, hard labor, and seclusion, we were *happier* than we should have been with the means of affluence and comfort within our reach, I should certainly go *too far*. It is not simply living in a cottage, which gives content, or brings happiness: a knave or a fool will rest as uneasily there as in a palace: it is the *mind*, not the *place*, which mars or makes the felicity of the scene. The produce of my garden was entrusted to Jane Wildfire, who disposed of my goods at the next market town, and we all made a shift to *live*. This was hard for Cecilia; Cecilia, bred with tenderness and elegance, the daughter of the accomplished Montauban! She, however, like myself, thought nothing hard but a state of dependence upon *others*.

Past dangers had endeared our hearts. We loved each other with such exquisite tenderness, that while we were in *health*, and by each other's side, the world seemed

a dream, which we neither envied nor regretted. Happiness, the universal game of all mankind, was completely in our view: we lived but to love and to friendship: nothing now seemed likely ever to part us. What had we to desire? Nothing! *Wealth* might add to our store of happiness; but *poverty* could not rob us of that portion we were in possession of.

Pure joys! tranquil days of health, peace, and labor! Happy should I have been to have spent the remnant of my days in the abode of innocence, in the shade of retirement.

The illness of my little boy first disturbed my felicity. He was attacked by a severe fever. He was now our only child.

If there is a covetous man in the world, who prefers the pursuits of avarice to all the social calls of benevolence, this would be the test of humanity—to watch a child in

in illness; to dread every hour to lose it; to observe its breath; to hang over it in agonising suspense; then to see it recover —he who, after snatching such a jewel from the wreck of fortune, can complain of his fate, or dedicate his whole days to the heaping dross on dross, is endowed by nature with a heart too cold for real happiness, too callous for true contentment!

My child recovered; but oh! recovered for a fate too horrid to be named or recollected, without feelings that convulse my bosom with the most rending pangs of memory.

One fatal night a fire broke out in our cottage: how occasioned I never could trace. I woke with a sense of suffocation. I roused my sleeping angel, and hurried her to the road before our hovel. Scarce were we there, when the sweet mansion of innocence and content was one vast

flame. My child, my little Henry, rushed upon my mind. I darted through the fire, and, raving and shrieking, explored every spot, though volumes of smoke and scorching flashes attacked and suffocated me as I proceeded. Mad with anguish, I should have staid to perish in the flames, had I not heard my few neighbors, who were by this time assembled, calling on my name, conjuring me to preserve myself, and assuring me that my child was now out of all *danger*. I broke out to them immediately: the red flames presented a scene to my view—a scene ..... my wife clasping my dead child to her cold bosom! Oh, God!

Poor Jane Wildfire, who chanced that night to sleep under my roof, hearing the alarm, had snatched up the infant, who lay in a little cot next to her own, and opening the casement, sprung from the top of the house with it just as I burst open the door: she lay scorched with the flames, and bruised

bruised with her fall on the ground. In the midst of all her excruciating agonies, this poor creature breathed nothing but loud cries to implore me and my wife to have patience under our afflictions.

Reason forsook me. I knew not where I was: childless, houseless, pennyless! Had I any thing left me in this wide world? Yes. What? An unsullied conscience, and a *virtuous wife*.

CHAPTER VI.

A gateman—A recovery—a stupor—how cured—An exertion—a debt—a journey—Daily labor renewed—A landlord—an arrest—a summary.

WHEN I recovered my reason, I found myself, my wife, and her faithful servant by my side, in the house of a man who kept a little turnpike gate by the road side. This man had formerly known better days: he had been well educated, and entered early into business, in which he had been so successful, that he had married two daughters to a couple of young men who were now making rapid fortunes.

The evils of war on the mercantile part of the world had been felt by him most severely; and loss after loss had reduced him

to a state of the most distressful poverty. His daughters and their husbands, ashamed of him in his poverty, and fearing the censures of the world if they should allow a father, who was well known to have acted with so much liberality towards *them*, to perish for want, had established him in his present situation, where he might pass his melancholy hours in silent obscurity, nor put their fashionable pride to the blush by the appearance of a parent, who had every virtue that could dignify a *good* man, and no vice but poverty to challenge neglect from a *proud* one.

This worthy creature had been much attached to my family: similar in our fortune, and approaching near to each other in our education, many a weary hour had we beguiled in social converse.

Hard experience and unkind treatment had not taught the gateman to turn his back on his friends in the hour of cala-

mity. He no sooner heard of our misfortunes than, without giving a moment's time for cold deliberation, he darted like lightning to the spot, and brought home my afflicted wife and her servant, placed me in the best bed he had, and behaved through my month's illness more like a fond brother than a slight friend.

I was perfectly light headed for several days: my reason returned to me the evening of the day my child had been buried. I awoke as from a dreadful dream. I roused from my slumber to feelings yet more terrible, to sensations of encreased melancholy. All my senses were alive to agony: my heart sickened. Hope, that lives to *all*, to me seemed dead *for ever*. The calm of despair succeeded to my torments; a calm more painful than the wildest fury of the tempest.

How had a short time withered all the blossoms of expectation! I had formerly a home,

a home, friends, two lovely infants! What had I *then?* Impious man that I was, I was in possession of a blessing able to counteract every affliction; adequate to deaden the point of the sharpest arrow in the quiver of calamity:—had I not a wife? a wife who hovered like a guardian cherub over the bed of pain, and lulled the dæmons of despair and frenzy by her softness.

The blood of Frederic haunted me in my delirium, and I could hardly persuade myself that I was not in some degree accountable for his untimely end, even in my most tranquil moments of reason. Unhappy Grandford! his own passions were his murderers, not me. So help me heaven, I would not have raised my hand against the life of my bitterest enemy, to have purchased revenge the most triumphant, wealth the most inexhaustible!

Poor Jane Wildfire, too, did all in her power to console me in sickness and in

póverty. Never, never, can I forget the affectionate attachment of that humble, grateful creature. He who neglects the poor is as much a fool as a villain; for, in the trying hour of calamity, he may find a grateful remuneration from their kind attentions, which may enable him to struggle on with cheerfulness.

The exalted tenderness, the uncomplaining goodness of my angelic wife, had more effect in raising me from the torpid state into which I was sunk, than all the inventions of human philosophy could have effected. I felt ashamed of my own conduct, when I compared it with her's. To see a tender seed stand erect, while the oak bowed before the tempest, almost made me doubt my manhood. I struggled to shake off my lethargy, and, animated by her encouraging smiles, I at length succeeded.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb:"

truly says the pathetic Sterne.

The gateman was benevolent: he urged me to stay with him; but to have complied with his request would have been mean and cruel. He had enough to do to procure his own little comforts.

I had ever made it my boast not to be encumbered with obligations from the great, the wealthy, and the proud. Poverty and sickness had not so far eradicated the cherished and favorite principles of my heart as to allow me to entertain a momentary idea of becoming a burthen to this deserving, honest child of poverty and woe.

I *already* was indebted to him for more favors than I had any prospect of ever returning; and felt inclined to do or to suffer any hardships rather than add to the catalogue.

The money left by Augusta I had taken care to have estranged from myself by *legal* forms.

forms. The papers which I tendered to her brother were made out to that effect. Had it been in my power, I would not have touched a shilling of the money.

It *was* ever, and ever *will* prove a consolation to me in my trials, that fortune and principle have always kept me an *honest*, though fate has ordained me to be—a POOR MAN.

When my health was tolerably recovered, I resolved to return to London under the name of *Marlow*, which I had formerly taken up, and resume the painful occupation of earning my daily bread by such writings as I could accomplish.

I was forced to borrow a few guineas of the gateman, and with this scanty stock came to the metropolis, with my wife and poor Jane, whom no consideration could induce to quit us. She would be no burthen to us, she said; as the money settled on

on her for services to General Grandford was regularly paid her, and would be more than adequate to her support.

I cannot remember the many proofs of faithful duty and patient affection we received from this honest creature without being very deeply affected. No fawning servant looking up to a large legacy from a wealthy master and mistress, ever was more assiduous to give satisfaction, more attentive to the minutest particle of duty, than was Jane Wildfire to the wants and wishes of the *poor man* and his wife.

A garret was now our only lodging. I racked my brains in every way to earn a livelihood. I wrote tales of *chivalry*; but the press groaned so violently under these productions (every master and miss who can hold a pen trying their fortune in this easy path of literature), that my profits were small, my fame less. I then was obliged to undertake to copy the works of

of *others*. Here my drudgery was worse, and more disgusting than that of the slave who is condemned to the labors of the oar. To transcribe one's *own* nonsense is sometimes the most difficult part of an undertaking; but here *vanity* is an ever ready friend and helper; but while writing out the nonsense of others, we have all the irksomeness, stripped of the pleasure of the task. It was my fate, however, and I was compelled to submit.

Our fare was scanty, but Cecilia never once murmured: she smiled over the hard earned crust, and her smile inspired me with fortitude and perseverance. I was resolved not to sell my pen to any thing like the dirty work of *abuse*, and *praise* was, it appeared, too insipid to be relished.

Illness prevented me from going on in my trade of *copying*. My constitution had suffered by writing all day long from hour to hour, want of exercise, and sitting up late.

We were now in *debt*. Nothing save the death of my dear babes ever wounded me so severely as to find myself in this degrading situation. A man who keeps free from *this* misfortune, may feel happy in the midst of every trial. The *world* is his. The son of nature and of liberty, he may walk unconfined: Hope flies before his steps and whispers in his ear, that he may to-morrow, be happier than he is to-day. No one has a just right to look upon him with *scorn*, for he is a free, unfettered, independent agent.

To what insolence is the *debtor* exposed? his most glorious privilege, his liberty, is in the power of *another*—in the power of his *equal*. He is often compelled to *hypocrisy*, the most degrading state of humbled manhood.

The man who has been *unavoidably* plunged into this most wretched situation, lays claim to our pity; he, who wantonly

tonly exposes himself to such a state merits our contempt.

I can truly say, I was not at all to blame when this visitation came on me. My own illness; a succeeding one of Cecilia; events, which I could not possibly foresee, —or *foreseeing*, could not by any human exertions have avoided, plunged me in debt and difficulty.

My landlord and landlady, two vulgar people, who had made some advances towards intimacy with us, and which we had very civilly rejected, no sooner saw our difficulties, than they began to give themselves airs common to low bred people.

I bore their *impertinent* freedoms with patience; till seeing they were proceeding too far, I one day gave them a severe check. The consequence was, my being lodged in the Fleet-Prison.

Since

Since my residence here, I have been subject to frequent illness, and a very great dejection of spirits.

Jane Wildfire has still attended me and my Cecilia, with all her former assiduity: out of her little savings she has enabled her mistress to be more comfortable than we could have expected in so melancholy a place. We never had any connection with our fellow prisoners; as to hide my name and fate from all the world, has been the only remaining ambition of my heart.

I still * write for my bread, whenever the booksellers I am acquainted with will employ me; but no one now in London, knows us by any other name but that of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow.

---

* I know not whether it be necessary to remind the reader once more that though we have collected these memoirs from the writings of St. Leger—he is now supposed to be *relating* them to his old friends in prison.

I was

I was enquiring anxiously after an answer from my bookseller, concerning a small work I had sent, and on which our next week's support must depend; when Briarly accosted me:—shocked at being known, and the remembrance of Frederic flashing across my mind, I answered him *abruptly*.

Often, my dear Francis, in every scene of my life, have I thought of you, and wished you all the good that heaven could shower upon you; but I have never been *affluent* enough to reconcile it to my favorite principles, to *sue* to any man. Fate has ordained that we should move in different scenes of the theatre of life. In our *last act* it has brought us to the *same*---a sad one! I now tender you that friendship, pride and honor would have forbad me to offer, had you still continued the *rich* Francis Dives you was, when last we parted. We were brothers in the *morn* of life, when all was youth, hope, and friendship.

We

We have gone through the *day*, and sorrow and misfortune have been busy with us both. Now the evening is arrived let us be brothers still, till *night* shall veil the scene in darkness. Much, Francis, is yet to be effected by friendship: we may console each other for *past* sorrows; we may fortify our hearts against *future* evils; and prepare ourselves for that state, where pain and sorrow shall be known no more! Each may extract a lesson from the life of his friend. One may know it possible for care, grief, and anxiety, to enter the bosom of a *rich man*; the other combat despair, from a *knowledge* that there are many feelings, delights, and pleasures, which may more than counterbalance the sorrows of A POOR MAN.

Such was the history related by Henry St. Leger; to which Francis listened always with deep attention, and *sometimes* with violent emotion.

When

When he compared the conduct, character, and sentiments, of his friend with his own, his thoughts could not be of the most pleasing texture.

He of course related his own story to Henry, who always felt for him, even where his reason compelled him to censure.

By the aid of St. Leger, his wife, his amiable daughter Louisa, and the rugged Briarly, a society was formed in the prison, which contributed to prevent Francis from brooding too deeply over his sorrows.

Tibullus gave him hopes too, (and he called on him as often as his professional cares would allow) that his affairs would be shortly arranged.

Henry St. Leger was so much altered by time, illness, and long residence under an Indian sun, that the lawyer, though he frequently

frequently saw him, knew him only as Mr. Marlow.

Henry had bound them all by a solemn *promise* to keep his secret, giving Francis his word at the same time, that if he settled his concerns to his satisfaction, he would owe his liberty to *him*: a favor he would never receive at the hands of any *other man*.

The more Tibullus saw of Louisa, the more was he interested in her fate, and that of her father.

If the reader is equally anxious, I must refer him to the next book—giving him many thanks for having stretched his patience *thus far*.

VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

In which the Author makes his last appearance.

FOR the last time, courteous reader, I now appeal to your candour and your patience. If you have gone thus far with me, I have put the latter virtue to a very severe test; yet that inseparable something (*vanity* I think they call it) which attends every writer, from the author of Clarissa Harlowe to the author of Virtuous Poverty, whispers in my ear, that there will be

some who will not entirely condemn my work.

I have now brought the book to the point at which I aimed; I have shewn two young men setting out into the world, full of prejudices, imbibed from the lives, sentiments, and principles of their parents, their relations, and their friends.

I have given a history of *those parents*, that *these motives* and prejudices might be more amply illustrated, more fully understood.

I fear I shall be found deficient in the *execution*, of what I feel convinced is a very good design.

To prove that an avaricious mind is liable to defeat every proposed end, is a task, which, if *well* performed, would be of the highest utility.

The

The author has endeavored to make *moral truth* the end and ground work of these three little volumes; how he has succeeded in this task abler judgements must decide. He trembles at the thought of being exposed to the torch of criticism; but the die is cast!

It will be out of the power of the writer to be *diffuse* in the next book; as many *rapid* and important events must be necessarily crowded into a short space: he therefore begs the reader, before he proceeds to consider, that Henry, Francis, Briarly, Cecilia, and Louisa, have passed some months in the prison, in as much comfort as it was possible for persons so situated to admit of. That Tibullus, zealous for Francis, and every day more enamoured of Louisa, is using every exertion to put the affairs of the father in a proper train.

And now reader,

" For us and for our tragedy,
" Here stooping to your clemency,
" We beg your hearing patiently."

SHAKESPEAR.

Plaudite—et Valete!

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

Tibullus arrives with tidings of comfort—Good and evil mixed—The end of a seducer—A discovery—a confession—a farmer's sentiments concerning marriage—an arrival of an unexpected visitor—The advantages of perseverance—An honorable recollection—a check—an encouragement—an oration, in which is given the advantages and disadvantages attending the life of a projector.

THE affairs of Francis were now beginning to take a more favorable turn than he could a few weeks ago have expected.

Tibullus arrived one morning at the prison with intelligence of a very pleasing nature. He had so softened most of the creditors of Francis, that they began to listen to the voice of reason, and think it more advantageous to their *own interests*

to set him at liberty, and, by allowing him the free exercise of his talents, to give him a *chance* of retrieving his affairs, and acting like a man of honor, than by keeping him cramped in the walls of a prison, to rob him of the *power* of exerting any faculty by which he could either do justice to *himself* or to *others*.

There were still two surly men, who resolved to keep him in durance as long as they possibly could, and to enjoy his misery if they could enjoy nothing else. Such *brutes* are sometimes to be found, who, with the diabolical malignity of old Shylock in the play, can calmly reply, when asked what use the mere *body* of a creditor can be of?—

> " To bait fish withal:
> " If it can feed nothing else,
> " It will feed my *revenge*."
>
> *Merchant of Venice.*

Tibullus, however, begged him not to be

be distressed at this circumstance, as he had now fully made up his mind to extricate him from all his difficulties. He wished for a *short time* longer to endeavor to bring these hard-hearted men to consent to a *composition*; but if they resolutely refused, he would then pay the money out of his *own* pocket.

Francis, struck to the heart with this action of disinterested generosity, for a long time declined his liberal offer, saying, it would never be in his power to make him any *return* to his goodness.

The lawyer begged him not to give himself any uneasiness on that account, as after the adjustment of his affairs, he had a favor to ask at *his* hands, which granted, would much more than reward *him* for any trouble he had it in his power to take in his concerns. Francis was eager to learn what it was he alluded to, but Tibullus informing him that the time was

not yet *ripe* for the disclosure, he was compelled, though very unwillingly, to suspend his gratitude and his curiosity.

It is the lot of humanity that good and evil should always be mixed together in the draught of life. Providence, which has ordained every thing with a wisdom beyond the *finite* knowledge of our imperfect optics, has made this the universal system of mortal affairs; for, unless some bitter were mingled with the sweet, men would grow so intoxicated with the luscious infusion, that they would neglect the tenure of mortality, and, in the narrow and microscopic inspection of their grosser and more earthly pursuits, forget the contemplation of objects far superior, more unbounded, more exalted, and more sublime!

A few days afterwards, poor Tibullus, with tears in his eyes, brought a letter to Francis, which he had just received from the

the worthy Sandford, the guardian, friend, and protector of his brother.

These were the contents.

For Tibullus Godolphin, Esq. Temple.

" My worthy young friend,

" I am sorry that the first letter I have " the honor of addressing you should be " replete with tidings the most melan- " choly to your feelings, which must " wound you as a brother and as a man. " I will not do you the injustice of ima- " gining for a moment that your fortitude " will not be equal to your trials.

" Poor Edmund is no more. I am " sorry to say his error was of a nature " which no sophistry can do away, no " false philosophy can soften. Seduction " is a *moral crime*; the consequences, nine- " ty-nine times out of an hundred, must " therefore naturally terminate in some

" *moral evil.* Yet, while I am compelled " to condemn my poor pupil, I have some " satisfaction in remembering that he was " not a *hardened* criminal, that he did not " attempt to *justify* the breach of duty he " had committed. He knew, he felt that " he had committed a flagrant offence, nor " did he seek to screen himself beneath " the cloak of the *philosophy of nature*, or " the shield of *scepticism.*

" From the moment he was conveyed " by Mr. Hayward and myself from the " house of the injured father of Martina, " his reason never thoroughly returned. " The avenging furies of guilt had seized " on their prey, and an inconsolable me- " lancholy began to sap the foundation of " his constitution. Being endowed by " nature with a very vigorous state of " health, he struggled long and painfully " with his malady. While he had any " remaining hope of a recovery of the lost " girl, he supported his faculties by the

" eager

" eager and penitential wish of making
" some return by marriage for the mise-
" ries he had entailed upon her, and on
" her unhappy family.

" When day after day had rolled on,
" void of hope, and barren of intelligence,
" his fortitude left him, his fever and his
" impatience encreased, and his life was
" pronounced to be in the most imminent
" danger. By the advice of his physicians
" I had him removed to the neighborhood
" of Windsor. The change of air had no
" effect: he grew quite delirious—raved
" of Martina—calling on his father to
" witness that a son had outdone him in
" every act of villainy, and imprecating
" every curse upon his own head!

" He was forced to be watched by day
" and night. Self-destruction seemed to
" be the settled object of all his thoughts
" and actions.

" Our friend Hayward, whom I have " known for several years, wrote me many " letters of consolation from the country. " He was then, he said, absorbed in a very " melancholy duty, which made his pre- " sence indispensably necessary, or he " would have immediately come to me to " proffer his assistance.

" Oh, Mr. Godolphin, you know *some-* " *thing* of that worthy man; but it would " take a *life* to be acquainted with all his " *benevolence*, with half his virtues. My " first acquaintance with him began by " *accident*.

" I was soliciting subscriptions for the " widow of a clergyman, who had been " left with six fine children. I found " many difficulties in accomplishing my " end; but the noble Hayward heard of " my design: UNINTRODUCED he sought " me out: like a good angel, he beamed " peace upon the helpless family. He al-

" ways

" ways lived in *mystery:* he had no settled " residence, no regular place of abode. " Often have I met him by chance, and " never without a *fresh* proof of his good- " ness.

" Witness the time I encountered him " when my poor Edmund was distracted " at the thought of *your* depriving him of " his Martina. No sooner did he hear of " the tale of sorrow I had to relate, than " he flew on the wings of peace and cha- " rity. Alas, it was no fault of *his* that " all these miserable events have not been " avoided! Excuse me, young man, I do " not by any means wish to warn you of " the gratitude you owe this pattern of " mankind; yet, by shewing you all his " perfections, I do but merely perform a " *duty.*

" I now hasten to your poor brother. " The despair of ever making amends to " Martina, and the agonies of his con- " science,

" science, had now made his frenzy settled " and confirmed.

" One fatal moment has put an end to " his miseries! His nurse left him (as she " supposed) in a sound sleep; but this, I " *since* find, is a common species of cun- " ning with men in his unhappy situa- " tion. He no sooner perceived her ab- " sence, than, creeping slowly to the win- " dow, he threw up the sash, and, spring- " ing from an immense height, was in a " moment *dashed to pieces!*

" I will not, Mr. Godolphin, wound " you by repeating what I felt when I was " awakened to a sight of so much horror. " He is no more! I followed him to the " grave, with an old Scotch servant, who " always loved him nearly as much as *I* " did. We had both of us attended him " night after night, till wearied nature no " longer allowed us to fulfil this duty for " him.

" Poor

" Poor Edmund! I loved him as a boy: " his youthful virtues were the object of " my *pride*, his maturer vices the subject " of my *regret*. I was the early friend of " his father, who, like himself, fell into " very great errors. May the Father of " Mercy now have compassion on them " both!"

" I am writing you a long letter, Sir; " but, as many are not likely to pass be- " tween us, you will excuse an old man, " who loved your father and your bro- " ther, and consequently must be interest- " ed in some degree for *you* and *your* affairs.

" The death of Edmund leaves you now " sole inheritor of the property of Gover- " nor Godolphin. May you make a pro- " per use of it, and avoid those errors " which have been so fatal to your family!

" Against the vice of *seduction* I shall " urge little. The melancholy object be-

" fore

" fore us would render many observations " superfluous. I can only say that I have " now lived a great many years in the " world; I have read a great many writ- " ings, English and German, endeavoring " to palliate the odium of this vice: now " and then I *have* seen it escape *temporal* " punishment; but, generally speaking, " *madness*, death and misery have avenged " years of riot and *shameless profligacy*.

" The papers you gave your poor bro- " ther I shall see transmitted faithfully to " your care.

" For myself, a few months will carry " me from this climate. A heavy decline " made a voyage to Lisbon necessary to " me some time ago. My duty to your " father, added to my love to your bro- " ther, made me postpone all considera- " tions of my *own* life for the happiness of " *theirs*.

" These

" These duties are all performed to the " best of my abilities. I shall now prose- " cute my former design. I am old: I " have no friend left to care for; none to " care for me. Should the change of cli- " mate be of any use to me, I shall spend " my latter days in commune with my " Maker, in prayers for the friend and the " charge I have lost.

" If you have any thing that is material " to your concerns to say to me, a letter " directed to me at Windsor will reach " me. At all events, my dear Sir, may " Heaven prosper the virtuous endeavors " of your heart! When you sum up the " number of your true friends, do not " forget to include in the list him who " is, and ever will be,

" Your sincere

" And true well wisher,

" SANDFORD."

" P. S. The papers of your deceased

" brother,

" brother, will be all collected, and trans-
" mitted for your inspection within a fort-
" night from this."

When Francis heard the errors of Godolphin's father, and called to his recollection the conduct of Edmund towards Martina, he was about to pronounce a harsh invective against the deceased young man :— the voice of Louisa, in the next apartment, checked him in the act—he remembered his own offences, and the conduct of Briarly.

A self-accusing blush overspread his cheek, and he remained silent.

So natural it is to forget our own sins, let them be ever so flagrant and enormous, and to view the same failings in another man with the eyes of a lynx.*

---

* Vide Horace.

Godolphin then informed him, that he would now come more closely to the point.

In the first place he begged him not to refuse to quit his place of confinement the next day.

Dives hesitated:—but Godolphin urged that he could now perform this act of friendship without the least inconvenience to his own affairs; the death of his brother having made him a richer man than he could have soon expected to be, without the taking place of this melancholy event. When Francis at last complied with this ingenuous offer, Tibullus told him, he had now, on his side, to request that favor he had formerly mentioned.

This favor was, that he would use his influence with his daughter, Louisa Briarly, in his behalf; at whose feet he was desirous of laying his person and his fortune.

After

After this confession, Francis of course promised that he would use every fair interest in his favor; at the same time stating that he had in a former instance suffered too much by thwarting the inclinations of a child, ever again to be urged to the exertion of an authority, barbarous as unnatural; pregnant with present evil, and full of consequences in the future; painful to the memory, and shocking to humanity!

On these terms the lawyer and Mr. Dives parted.

He communicated the tidings to Briarly, Louisa, Henry St. Leger, and his wife.

With the two former, he left the final decision of this important event, and begged them to give their opinions in the most unreserved and candid manner.

Louisa, blushing like the purple morning,

ing, declined saying any thing till her dear, dear, dear grandfather had first given his sentiments, adding at the same time, that she loved him so much, that she would not be a QUEEN, unless he not only gave his consent, but promised to let her live with him still, make his breakfast, sing to him, and nurse him as usual.

Briarly threw his grey head on her shoulders, and giving her a hearty hug, though his throat felt a sensation of choaking, continued to articulate "God bless "thee!"

They all waited for his sentence; which he delivered with great gravity in the ensuing harangue.

"Why, d'ye see, as to courtship and ma-"trimony, and all that, its what I don't "know any great matters about, as I am "no great scholar!"

"When

" When I married my Betsy; I did it, " because I knew she was a good tidyish " wench; that loved me dearly; had an " honeſt heart; was willing to work, and " could set her hand to any thing.—But, " lord help ye! she wasn't half so genteel " as my grand-daughter. She was as good " a lass though for all that as ever walked " on shoe-leather! God bless her, Amen! " but, as I say, breeding's all! one flower " will look more beautisome than another, " and one wheat ear will be handsomer " than its fellow!—and now this, I call " reason. I think my grand child is a wife " for the emperor of Germany, if so be " he wanted one. This lawyer I find is " almost as old as her father: well, I don't " mind that, because its a sign he has al- " most sown his wild oats, as a body may " say! So if so be, she thinks she can love " him, and he thinks he can honor her, " why I say God bless 'em both, and that's " my notion of things!"

After

After this eloquent oration, he gave Louisa a hearty kiss; every one congratulated her, and thus was this affair brought to a happy determination.

The matter was scarcely concluded when one of the keepers came in, to say that there was a gentleman in a most splendid equipage arrived at the gate of the prison, who eagerly desired to see Mr. Dives, and had alighted in the greatest perturbation.

Francis, who knew no one who would seek him in his present depressed and unfortunate condition, immediately imagined that it was some creditor, with whom Tibullus had been in treaty, and, disgusted with the unkind way in which he had been used by some of these gentlemen, would willingly have declined seeing him; but being told that the stranger was remarkably vehement in his manner, and said that he had some things of the highest importance to communicate to him, an irresistable

irresistable impulse of curiosity, made him desire that the gentleman might be conducted to him.

Every one withdrew—the person was ushered in; and when Francis lifted up his head, he instantly recognized the features of Mr. Doublepop the projector, the man who had been the original source of his first failures, and his latter misfortunes.

He recoiled several paces, and viewed him with looks of indignation, of aversion, and contempt.

"Wretch!" cried he.

"Aye, bad enough! bad enough of all "conscience," rejoined the visitor, "but "don't be too hasty; recollect you are an "Englishman, and that by the laws of "your country, no man is to be con-"demned *unheard*. I caused your ruin—

"but

" but I did not *mean* it!—I have ruined a " great many others, but I did not *mean* " it!—that's my comfort I say!—I did not " *mean* it!"

" Not *mean* it?" replied Francis, almost choaked with rage.

" No, I tell you, I did not *mean* it! " I meant to make your fortune, I " meant to make the fortune of other " people, and my *own* at the same time: " come, come, Mr. Dives, you are *severe*, " but recollect that you ought to be *just* " and candid also. You took pretty good " care, that had my scheme been *successful*, " you would have had your *full share* of " my *profits*; you would have partaken " the produce of *my* brains, the fruits of " my *ingenuity*.—Who then had a greater " right than you to participate in my " losses? Did you think me an *infallible* " man?—What mortal ever *yet* was so? " You were *rich*, you were not *content*; " you embarked with me in an experi-

" ment :—well then? that experiment " *failed* :—who was most to *blame?* You " who had money enough to do *without* " seeking to increase it, at the risk of ha- " zard, or the reliance on another man's " faculty? or I, a poor fellow, who had " nothing but my ingenuity to depend on " for my daily bread? A *deceitful* schemer " is a *rascal:* I used no deceit,—I am " none: I thought I should succeed: every " man has a right to improve his *property*; " my *talents* were *mine:* it is true I fled " from a prison. Ask of *yourself*, if shut- " ting a man up in a gaol is a way to en- " able him to *pay* his *debts?* Are you con- " vinced yet? I have brought you into " trouble; yet again, and again, I answer- " ed—I did not *mean* it!"

" I *am* convinced," said Francis with a sigh, " that *I* was more to blame than *you* " could possibly be :—I was a RICH MAN, " you a POOR one. The folly of getting " *more* than *enough* has been my ruin and " my curse!"

"Don't be too severe on *yourself*, or on "*others*," answered the projector, "but "*my* time is *short*."

He then told him that, by a lucky speculation in the manufacture of certain goods, he had lately amassed a large sum of money; had emerged from his difficulties, and returned to London to forward his schemes. He had often, he said, felt very sorry for the trouble in which he had involved Mr. Dives; and was now come to make him the tender of every assistance which it lay in his power to proffer.

He put a pocket-book into the hands of Francis; telling him he would there find notes to the amount of 500*l.*

Francis was struck with this act of generosity, and was about to hesitate; when Doublepop insisted on his taking it while it was in his *power* to offer it; as he did

not know but he might in another month *again* be a beggar.

" Good God!" said Francis, " and will " you *persist* in a way of life so precarious, " after having secured yourself from the " attacks of fortune?"

" That's your mistake, my dear fellow," exclaimed Doublepop; " I have found by " experience, that no projector can ever be " secure. In riches he is perplexed with " his own schemes; schemes of which he " can never know the end, the event, or " the extent. His fabrics are built as a " spider builds his web; one brush may " destroy the tenant and his house! His " wealth is unstable, always depending on " contingencies! I am too proud to black " shoes, though I think the existence of a " shoe-black a life of certainty and com- " fort, when compared to that of a pro- " jector and a schemist! The fool of for-

" tune;

" tune; the game of bailiffs; and the de-
" light of avarice; one day he makes a
" hundred rich; the next, a thousand poor!
" and happy is he, if, like me, when con-
" templating the ruin he has made, he can
" sincerely lay his hand upon his heart,
" and say—I did not *mean* it!"

With this florid speech the projector took his leave: Francis resolved to profit in future by the lesson he had given him; and the reader is welcome to do the same.

CHAPTER III.

A contest—a departure—a persuasion—Reasons for remaining in a prison—An inflexible man—A stranger—a recommencement of an argument—Reasons for enforcing a refusal—a philospher of nature—Gay's Fables—a command—a resistless order.

FRANCIS hardly needed the warning of the speculatist to induce him to shun for the future every thing that might put his peace, or his comforts, to the hazard. "Experience bought is experience taught," is an old saying, and, like most old sayings, a very true one; nothing making a man more cautious of running into any error, than having smarted for it at some former period of his life.

He communicated the singular behavior of Doublepop to all his friends; who heard the recital with a mixture of pity and wonder:

wonder: pity, that a man with so much good sense should be involved in any difficulties; and wonder, that he should submit to live in a situation so precarious as he described his own to be.

Tibullus, now informed his father-in-law elect, that every thing would be ready for his leaving the prison the next day; some few thousands yet remained, which he would himself clear off, as he could do it now with consistency, and with perfect convenience: the untimely end of his unhappy brother having put him in possession of wealth enough, and more than enough to answer all his necessities and occasions.

Francis would have made a reply to this liberal proposal, but Tibullus would not attend for one moment to a word he had to say.

Henry St. Leger and Cecilia heartily

congratulated their friends on the prospect of felicity, which was now dawning upon their view.

Alas! Happiness with Francis was now quite out of the question: he felt joyful in some degree, it must be confessed, at the thought of quitting his prison, and once more tasting the blessings of liberty. A spark of latent pride in his heart made it revolt from a degrading state of confinement; but true pleasure was dead! For the sake of the child that he possessed, existence was now become tolerable to him; but the sad recollection of the child that was lost, precluded him from the hope of any thing like real felicity.

The idea of leaving his early friend and companion, the generous St. Leger, and his amiable wife, in that prison from which he was about to be liberated, damped all the joy he experienced from his own good fortune, and he could not help breaking through

through the promise he had given, and making known their name and situation to his future son-in-law.

Tibullus was shocked and affected when he heard of their situation; he begged Mr. Dives to argue with him on the folly of the obstinate pride he had adopted; and use every method he could think of, to convince him of the absurdity of allowing himself—a wife whom he loved—and a faithful domestic, who had put every hope of her own to the hazard to follow him and his fortunes, to be confined within the gloomy walls of a gaol, while he had so many friends, who would feel proud and happy to be allowed to assist him in his difficulties, and extricate him from his perplexities.

Francis, in consequence of this conversation, had a very severe contest with Henry. He adduced every mode of rea-

soning which friendship, pride, or anger, could suggest.

St. Leger stood like a rock unmoved by every assailing element: he had, he said, all his life been indebted to one person or another, till he took a retrospective view of his existence, and found it one long, unbroken, and disgusting chain of obligations and dependencies. He wished either to shake off his shackles, or to labor on in his present situation, which to most men might seem irksome; but coincided with his present sentiments, opinions, and resolutions. It was true, he added, that his body was confined, but his mind was at large—the world was one vast prison—and he could be as contented with the limits of a few yards as with the circumference of many miles. He found that his pen could furnish him and his little family with their daily bread. He here lived in the truest liberty; he was under an obligation

gation to no man; no creditor could throw his debts or his misfortunes in his face, as having pursued him to the utmost limits of the law, they now stood on fair and equal terms. He had tried fortune; he had tried the world; they had both smiled on him for a while, and had both deceived him! He was resolved to trust them no more, but to make his universe consist in his mind, and in his wife. Should he again try the foolish game he had formerly played, he felt convinced, that fate would jilt him as it had done formerly, and only leave him with the galling sense of added favors, and of doubled obligations. He begged his friend therefore, as he prized the memory of their former attachment, to urge the matter no further, nor insist on the promise he had unwarily wrung from him in an unguarded moment.

Tears of mournful recollection streamed down his cheek, as he ended, by saying,

that had his dear little ones lived, he should have held it a solemn duty to have combated his *pride*, and struggled against his early prejudices: for *their* welfare, he would have stooped to obligations painful, heavy, and eternal; but that no necessity at *present* existed for a trial, at which his heart fainted, and his imagination sickened. Almost every cord was snapped, which the hand of nature had entwisted round his heart to tie him to existence: the mother of his veneration lay in the peaceful grave; the children of his affections were no more! He had now no earthly bond, but the partner of his sorrows, the wife of his bosom! She was willing and happy to share his fate. Her sentiments were congenial to his own. Born of a noble family, she had lived to witness the ruin of an illustrious race. She had, like himself, experienced the miseries of a state of dependency, and, like himself, loathed the recollection, that for her dear sake he would promise that he would never

never permit his delicacy to prevent him from applying to his friends, when he saw her in *absolute want;* but that unless sickness should again prevent him from holding a pen in his hand, he hoped and trusted that day was yet far off. He was convinced that God in his wisdom had made the *necessary* wants of man but very *few*, and had endowed every human creature with some particular *faculty* of providing for those wants, if he would only have honor and industry enough to exert it.

" Such, my dear Francis," said he, " are " my sentiments; sentiments which no " worldly casuistry can alter or eradicate. " Urge me then no more. To one obli- " gation, however, I *will* submit with " cheerfulness and with gratitude. Should " Providence think fit to summon me be- " fore my angel wife, and rob her of him " whose pride consists in being her only " guardian and provider, I bequeath her " to the protection of my friends. Her

" helpless

" helpless sex were not framed to struggle
" with the ills of life: they were formed
" to be under the wing of manly guar-
" dianship, and may submit to patronage
" and dependency without shame, with-
" out degradation. Promise to fulfil this
" duty, and you will indeed serve and
" oblige me. For the rest, charge me
" with folly, accuse me of caprice; my
" folly and my caprices form my happi-
" ness. Some men make it their whim
" to be *rich*: I have mine—it is to conti-
" nue *poor*."

The contest continued warmly carried on by both parties; but the inflexible St. Leger came off victorious.

The prejudices of Henry were as deeply rooted as those of Francis had ever been at their highest pitch, and were *now* more strongly rivetted in his mind than those of his friend were settled in *his* heart. The reason was very simple:—on a review of

past

past occurrences, the sensations of shame, sorrow, and reproach, accompanied the retrospection of Dives: St. Leger had felt the *second*, but to the *first* and the *third* he had ever been an utter stranger; he could throw pride into the scale; poor Francis was debarred of this consolation; the depression of the one, and the exultation of the other, may be therefore very naturally accounted for.

A new visitor put an end to many of these struggles, and occasioned a total change of scene.

The next morning, as they were sitting together, Francis, Briarly, and Louisa, waiting for the coach to carry them away, and all in vain endeavoring to persuade St. Leger to alter his opinion, Tibullus entered the room, and informed Dives and Briarly that before they quitted the prison there was a gentleman who had some important business to settle with them.

Henry

Henry and Cecilia were about to withdraw.

" Pray stay, Mr. Marlow," said Godolphin, " you are implicated in this affair; " but it is time that I should introduce " my friend."

A grey-headed old man, wrapped up in a roqueleau, made his appearance. All eyes were directed towards him. When he spoke, every one thought it had been Hayward; but he looked more dignified, though not more respectable or benevolent. After paying his compliments to every one, he turned to St. Leger, and begged the favor of one half hour's conversation with him. Henry bowed his assent, and they were left alone. A long pause ensued.

" I am rather perplexed, Sir," at length said the stranger, " how to open my busi- " ness, which is a delicate one to a gentle- " man

" man almost a *stranger* to me, more par-
" ticularly as I am to be a *suitor* to you."

" A suitor to me, Sir? You bear so
" very strong a resemblance to a man dear
" to my memory, to the valued Mr. Hay-
" ward, that I cannot help feeling a respect
" for you at first sight."

" One man may be so like another,
" Mr. St. Leger, that he is foolish who
" prides himself on any circumstance so
" purely accidental. If, however, I am at
" all indebted to *any* man for your good
" opinion of me, I shall feel grateful to
" the gentleman, let him be *who* or *what*
" he will. My friend Mr. Godolphin
" knows you, Sir: to please your deli-
" cacy, he has always addressed you by
" the name of Marlow; but as you knew
" him for Tibullus Melford at first sight,
" he, on the other side, had no difficulty
" in recognising the person of Henry St.
" Leger."

What

What riddle next, thought our hero, as he bowed, and begged the stranger to proceed.

"I understand, Sir," said the old man, "that many arguments have been used "with you, and used in vain, to persuade "you to accept of such assistance as may "enable you to quit this spot. Forgive "my forwardness, Sir; but I am a very "old man, and in my age have a charter "for my freedom and my garrulity. I am "rich, Henry: I have no child, no heir: "from *you* I may obtain some favors; you "can receive none from *me*. Allow me "then to encrease your domestic joys by "what I may easily spare, and must soon "part with for ever."

St. Leger thanked him, but told him he was resolved to persevere rigidly in the sentiments he had delivered to Francis, and to live and die a man *independent* and unshackled.

The

The old gentleman eyed him with a look of mingled pity and admiration—then continued his discourse.

"Your principles, Mr. St. Leger, are *noble*, "but the foundation on which they are "built is unsteady. An independent man "is a glorious object in *theory*, but in prac- "tice an IMPOSSIBILITY. Independence is "a state as contradictory to the laws of "*nature* as the laws of *nations*. With re- "gard to the former, look through the "*whole creation*, and you will see how "beautifully it is contrived; that every "thing alive or inanimate shall be linked "together in a chain of progressive *depen-* "*dencies*. The flower cannot blossom "without the assistance of the sun: the "heat of the sun is tempered by the "shower. The moisture of April pre- "pares the earth for the fragrance of "May: the glow of June ripens the fruits "of summer, and produces the varie- "gated beauties of the vegetable world!

Take

" Take a short view of the animal sys-
" tem. Man teaches the horse to be obe-
" dient; the horse, in return, devotes his
" service to the use of man. The milk
" of the cow would be painful were it not
" relieved by the exertion of human in-
" dustry, and human industry is rewarded
" by the produce. The faithful dog loves
" the master by whom he is fed, the man
" is indebted to the brute for keeping the
" wolf from the flock: a new debt of
" gratitude *here* begins; and thus you
" may stretch the line from the ant on
" the mole-hill to the bulky elephant.

" Every thing *exists* by favor, obliga-
" tion, and the *dependency* which you affect
" to treat with scorn. Man, of all others,
" has the reason most potent for admira-
" tion of this benevolent system. The most
" helpless in the tribe of animals, *he* is de-
" pendent from his birth. Born almost
" without *instinct*, he comes into the world
" a crying, feeble creature. Indebted to
" his

" his mother and his nurse for years that " his brains are not dashed out, unable to " procure sustenance for an hour, he owes " all his boasted faculties to the industry " of others. He gleans one idea in *this* " place, a second in *another*, and all the " knowledge of which he is so ridiculous- " ly proud, is but one *vast loan*, for which " he has been a *dependent* on the inventions " and the ingenuity of other men. He " arrives to *boyhood:* were he *then* left a " free and *independent* agent, in the name " of Heaven, what would become of him? " He might run about like a *wild* cat, or " a monkey, and the glory of the creation " be degraded to the state of a brute. Na- " ture, I say, has ordained *dependence* as " the origin, the final cause of emancipa- " tion and freedom.

" We now take man in his last and " most important state: he has reached " the age of one-and-twenty—and pray " what is he *then?* Without the expe-

" rience

" rience of men double his age, he would " be a cork floating on the surface of a " troubled ocean; a mere feather, subject " to every gust of passion, every puff of " caprice! *Dependency* still preserves him: " he depends on a father for instruction, " on a friend for advice, on a wife for " love, on a child for duty, on the world " for *every thing!* A man abstracted from " all these ties is a *savage*, the worst of " Hottentots; for he is a monster divided " from his species, a link hewn off from " the long general chain! A *social* savage " is a farce, a jest, a grimace! No man " ever was, can, or will be, a really *inde-* " *pendent* man. The rich must depend on " the poor for labor, the poor on the rich " for support: thus the grand machine " moves on in sublime simplicity, jarring " atoms are composed, and every thing " finds its proper level. 'Tis this teaches " the parent to watch his little offspring; " 'tis this instructs the pious youth to re- " munerate parents' kindness, when se-

" cond

" cond childhood makes the father again
" depend for life on the being to whom
" he has given it."

At the end of this oration, Henry bowed, and told the venerable man that he had certainly argued like a philosopher.

" No, young gentleman," replied he with a smile, " I do not *pretend* to be any " other than a philosopher of *nature*. My " education has not enabled me to argue " my point so well as a man bred up in " the logic of schools. I have read Gay's " Fables, however; and my admiration of " one of the first has made me all the phi- " losopher I either pretend or wish to be: " but has my reasoning convinced? will " it soften you to compliance?"

" Indeed, Sir, (though I owe you many, " many thanks for your generous concern " for my welfare) it neither *has* nor *will*."

" Would

"Would my *entreaties* have any weight?"

"None, Sir.

"My COMMANDS?"

"Sir!"

"Nay, Mr. St. Leger, look not thus "amazed: where I lay my commands, "they are absolute, and must be obeyed; "and I positively *insist* that you prepare "to leave this prison with me within "these ten minutes."

"Impossible, Sir."

"Easily possible, Henry. Know that I "am *master* of your every action; and to "convince you that you are no longer an "INDEPENDENT agent, read that paper, "and then refuse obedience if you *dare*."

Henry took the paper with a trembling hand.

hand. He looked at the writing; it was his deceased mother's: he eyed the stranger; and, with a scrutinising glance, read as follows:—

" MY DEAR HENRY,

" I charge you on my death bed to " obey the man who brings you this as " you would obey *me* were I living. I " trust, in my last moments, that this re- " quest will be complied with. God bless " you."

" And now," cried the stranger, as he eyed him with a look of triumph, " will " you, can you dispute my commands?"

" I will not, I cannot," rejoined the impassioned Henry: " but all this is a mys- " tery, a dream. I look at you; I hear " you. The voice of Hayward sounds on " my ear: but the face—who, what are " you? You were the friend of my mo-

" ther; that speaks you worthy: but " why this mystery?"

The stranger took his hand, and said, with eyes suffused in tears, " Noble young " man, I know not who I may be *like*, " but I shall no longer conceal from you " who I *am*. Have you never heard your " angel mother speak of a man who loved? " who had nearly married? who . . . . ."

Here his voice failed him, and, bursting into a flood of tears, he sunk upon a chair.

" Good God," cried Henry, " surely " your name is not Ruddiman?"

" I *am* that Ruddiman."

St. Leger then fell on his knees, grasped the hand of his aged visitor, and fervently pressed it to his lips as he exclaimed—

" Long

" Long lost, ever revered, ever lament-
" ed friend of my family! receive the
" pious thanks of their descendant! In
" early youth I have breathed the name
" of Stephen Ruddiman in my prayers to
" Heaven: my mother taught my infant
" tongue to lisp forth blessings on his
" head. Oh, had she but lived to hear
" this much lamented friend was at last
" *found!* My father, my protector!"

He embraced the old man: they intermingled their sighs and their tears; and when Ruddiman asked Henry if he would now longer oppose his wishes, and persevere in remaining in a prison? he replied, that his life was in the hands of the benefactor of his honored parents; that while *that life* remained, he would religiously observe the solemn request of his mother, and look up to *him* as a guardian and a parent.

Briarly, in the mean time, had heard of

Henry's stout refusal of accepting the least pecuniary aid, and was in a desperate passion at his obstinacy, saying it was a very hard case that because, forsooth, he was a gentleman and a scholar, and could read and write finely, he was to go about and do people the greatest pieces of service, and then, when they had an opportunity of shewing their thankfulness, he was to turn his back upon them, and refuse to accept *their services*. He had no notion of such pride, for his part.

Louisa convinced him that all this anger was *unjust*. The arguments of all the orators in the world never would have had half the weight with him which one sentence never failed to carry, when pronounced by the lips of his grand-daughter. The real fact was, that he looked up to her as a prodigy of gentility, good breeding, and good sense.

The time of departure was now arrived. Francis,

Francis, Tibullus, Louisa and her grandfather got into one carriage, and Ruddiman followed Henry and Cecilia into another. The humane old man insisted upon poor Jane Wildfire's taking a seat in the vehicle with her master and mistress. The joy of this faithful creature was so excessive, that they had every difficulty in keeping it within due bounds. For herself she could most *honestly* swear she had never cared the value of a single straw; but to see her friends, her master and her mistress relieved from their afflictions, and likely *once more* to make an appearance in the world suitable to their *former* selves, was almost *too much* for her weak brains: she laughed, she wept, she sung, she blessed Ruddiman on her knees in the coach, and her senses appeared almost on the wing.

Cecilia may perhaps be ranked in the list of those characters which some are pleased to christen *tame*, and others to de-

nominate *water gruel.* She thought it her duty to accommodate herself to her husband in all his opinions, circumstances, and prejudices. She had taught herself to make *his* contentment the ground work of her *own* happiness, and had laid it down as an invariable rule never to *thwart* his will, or *contradict* his wishes.

From a character of so quiet a complexion the reader will not be led to expect a great deal. Her virtues were indeed wholly of the passive kind: she had neither mother nor sisters to *spirit her up*, to persuade her that she ought to have her *own way in every thing*, that her husband was a tyrant, &c. &c. Ladies with such aiders and abettors have infinite advantages over poor tame creatures like Cecilia. If there is a mother and a sister joined with the wife against her husband, that husband must have a large share of policy and ingenuity who can counteract the politics of so powerful a combination.

As

As I dare say there are many ladies who will feel disposed to turn up their noses at this poor tamed pigeon, I have thought it my duty towards Cecilia St. Leger (for whom I had always a high regard) to state these circumstances as an *extenuation*, not by any means as an *excuse*, for her utter ignorance in the schemes of *female politics*.

She therefore left the prison with the husband of her heart in the same tranquil temperament of mind which had been her constant friend in the days of his confinement. Her only wish, her only desire was to see him *contented*; and provided that fond object of her soul was accomplished, it was immaterial to her *when* and *where* it took place; in riches, in poverty, in a palace or a cottage, it was exactly the same thing to her.

" Oh blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
" Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;—

are two lines as beautifully descriptive of an

amiable woman as ever came from the pen of a poet: they could never be applied to any woman with more propriety than to Cecilia; and with this touch I shall conclude my delineation of her character.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

A wedding dinner—an interruption—an anxious father—a modest letter containing a proposition—a debate between the farmer and his granddaughter—prevailing oratory—an epistle answered—a conversation and an agreement.

THE whole party were conveyed to a spacious house which Tibullus had taken, and furnished in a handsome manner. He begged they would all consider it as their own, till time had allowed them to adjust their affairs to their wishes, and according to their several prospects.

Tibullus wished to persuade Mr. Dives, to spend the remaining part of his life with him; but Francis, heart-sick of the world, and wearied out by the continual disappointments he had met with, now turned

his aching thoughts towards solitude and retirement. If he was ever to be capable of comfort, he felt that the balm of friendship would be the only cordial likely to keep his drooping hopes alive.

He clung to Henry St. Leger, as the mariner clings to the mast, after the horrors of a wreck.

He wished to know how he decided for himself; and if that decision should terminate like his own, in the shades of rural life, he resolved to implore his friend to permit him to accompany him, and pass the residue of his days in repentance of the past, and preparation for the future.

He felt it a duty, however, not to disturb the scene of joy, which was now about to take place, by his gloom, or his sorrows.

The wedding of Louisa Briarly and Tibullus

bullus Godolphin took place with all the gaiety usual on such an occasion.

Old Briarly, in this picture of happiness, was the most prominent figure on the canvass; he prayed, wept, and sung in a breath; he was almost intoxicated with good fortune!

They had intended to leave town and go to Windsor for some weeks, a few days after the performance of the nuptial rites, but were prevented from putting this plan into execution, by a letter which Tibullus said he had received from Hayward, stating that he would be with them in a few weeks; and begging them to attend his arrival, as he had some intelligence to communicate, in which the parties at present in his house were deeply and materially interested.

There was not a person present who was not too deeply indebted to the friendship and philanthropy of that amiable veteran,

to entertain a thought of opposing his wishes, or disobeying his commands. Henry, in particular, expressed himself much delighted at the idea of his return. He longed to introduce him to Stephen Ruddiman. There was such a wonderful similarity in their manners, their voices, their countenances, and their sentiments, that every one declared that they should have taken them for twins, except that Ruddiman looked rather older, and his countenance was handsomer than that of Peter Hayward.

At the wedding dinner, when all was joy, festivity, mirth, and good humour; when every one in this domestic circle endeavored to shake off their doubts, their sorrows, and their cares, in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Godolphin; a servant brought in a letter directed to Mr. Francis Dives.

He begged permission to open it.

He

He looked at the signature at the bottom, pronounced the words, " your un- " happy Martina!" trembled, turned pale, and fainted in his chair.

Every one eagerly ran to his aid: by their kind attentions, he was at length restored to life and recollection;—he clasped his hands in agony—with his lips quivering and pale, groaned forth " Oh my child! my child! my child!" then begged his son-in-law, if he did not wish to see him expire at his feet in a few moments, to read the contents of the epistle he held in his hand. Tibullus conjured him for Heaven's sake to compose himself, and he would instantly comply with his desire.

He did so, and read aloud,

THE LETTER.

" I am sorry to be at all troublesome to " you; but I am forced by my necessities " to

" to send you a few lines. I am happy to
" hear you are out of your difficulties;
" I wish I could say as much! You know
" I did all in my power not to be any in-
" cumbrance to you when you grew so
" poor as not to be able to support a wife
" in the way we had both been used to
" live: since that time, I have struggled,
" and struggled, and struggled! but all in
" vain! I am sorry to say there is nothing
" like gratitude in this unfeeling world!
" I did all in my power to render myself
" pleasant and agreeable, with the family
" I have been living with, and succeeded
" so well, that I was almost the mistress
" of it: nothing was done without my
" advice; no plan was ever put into exe-
" cution without first consulting me. I
" verily thought they could as easily
" have parted with their right hands, as
" have managed to let me go. Now see
" what a shameless age we live in! The
" young lady of the family is a very great
" heiress; she was left to my care; she

" fell

" fell in love with a young gentleman, not
" worth a shilling. I could not help hav-
" ing some pity for this tender couple,
" more especially as I thought they would
" all their lives be thankful for the favors
" I had shewn them; and so I opened the
" parlour window, by which Albina escap-
" ed to her expecting swain. The father
" and mother were half mad, and thought
" me as unhappy as they were, so did all
" in their powers to comfort me, assuring
" me they were convinced I had spared no
" vigilance to frustrate this unhappy catas-
" trophe; and that if I could not succeed,
" the blame must rest upon fortune, and
" not on me. Well, to my utter surprise,
" the parents were reconciled in a few
" weeks; the young couple were brought
" home; and, would you imagine it was
" possible! instead of making me any re-
" compence for the great hazard I had so
" kindly run to bring them together, they
" betrayed my whole secret; told the fa-
" ther

" ther and the mother I was not fit to be
" trusted; and they were ungenerous
" enough to refuse to see, but sending
" me a letter, and a bill for one hundred
" pounds, requested me to quit the house
" directly.

" Thus you see, Mr. Dives, to what a
" situation I am reduced by an action of
" the greatest kindness and good nature.
" You must own that I never have been a
" trouble to you, while I could provide
" for myself; but I am forced by my ne-
" cessities, in the present juncture of my
" affairs, to apply to my *husband*. I am
" aware that your rich son-in-law has it
" in his power to assist you, and surely
" he would never desire that *your wife*, de-
" scended from one of the most fashion-
" able families in this country, should go
" to a trade or to a workhouse.

" Oh, Mr. Dives, Mr. Dives! Had you
" followed

" followed my advice in former days, and " made over your money in the way I " wished, I should not have been in this " deplorable situation; but you know you " always thought I was *teasing* you: you " was for ever thinking of your pretty " miss, your handsome daughter, and see " what a return she has made to all your " fondness, all my maternal care! But " why do I talk of such a disgrace to the " family of the Panthers? If she is dead, " it is well for her relations; if she is alive, " what a curse upon her connections! *You* " may forgive, *I* never will.

" But to leave this ungrateful subject, " and return to *myself*. I am either wil- " ling to come back to you, and under- " take the care of your house (for a house " I suppose you will immediately have), " or to take such a sum as you can allow " me, and pursue my fortune singly. As " my husband, you will surely not disal- " low my right of proposing such an alter-

" native,

" native, and anxiously awaiting your an-
" swer, I subscribe myself,
" Your afflicted, most miserable,
" Most unhappy,
" MARTINA."

The signature immediately explained the mistake which Francis had made: he had only looked at the bottom of the letter. His mind ever full of his lost daughter, and not suspecting that Mrs. Dives could have the shameless effrontery to dictate such an epistle as this, he had immediately concluded it to come from a *penitent* daughter, not from a *hardened* wife.

Every thing in the letter was so shamelessly selfish, that the whole party sat silent with amazement.

Briarly first broke silence with a loud whistle, which was followed by an exclamation of " Give her a *settlement!* Give " her a good *horse whipping!*"

Tibullus

Tibullus was so shocked, that he could say nothing. Even the candid Henry and his generous Cecilia were inadequate to the task of pleading her cause, and Ruddiman, heaving a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, groaned out, " Alas for " perverted humanity!"

" I will not answer it at all," cried the angry Francis.

Louisa threw her arms round the neck of her father, and besought him not to be too severe, but to do something for her.

" Something!" said Briarly; " aye, let " us take her to the pump and give her a " good sound *ducking*—that's what I say."

His grand-daughter kissed him, and asked if he could find in his heart to deny her any thing on such a day as this?

" No, no, bless thee!"

All

All the parties then joining their intercessions to those of Louisa, that he would bestow some kind of relief on his wife, however ill she might have merited this mark of attention, he consulted with his son-in-law, with whom he agreed that he should remit her the five hundred pounds which had been placed in his hand by Mr. Doublepop the projector. Then, saying he wished to have done with her at once, he folded up the bank note, which he enclosed in the following explanatory epistle.

" *To Mrs. Dives.*

" MADAM,

" I need not say that the honor of a " letter from you raised my surprise: it " would be useless to add that the con- " tents tended not to diminish my admi- " ration. You have fully convinced me " that if *fortitude* be a virtue, you are an " object of very great *envy*. As I am " firmly resolved that this shall be the *last* " epistle with which any motive will pre-

" vail

" vail upon me to trouble you, I wish to " be clear and explicit.

" Our motives for marriage, in the first " instance, were far from good. The pri- " mary act of our union was, to *my* shame, " a very bad one. May Heaven forgive " my conduct to one who (though she " ruined me by indulgence, and helped to " instil into my mind that principle of " avarice which has been the grand rock " against which every hope, comfort, and " happiness was wrecked) most certainly " loved me *too well.*

" As we met on even terms, and never " pretended to be violently enamoured of " each other, I might have expected that " you would at least have performed the " decent duties of a wife. It would be " an irksome task to recapitulate in how " many instances all these expectations " were defeated.

" Your

" Your conduct to me when my dis-
" tresses plunged me in ruin was too
" shocking for remembrance. How can
" I ever again dream of living with a wo-
" man who has acted in the manner you
" have done? How could you yourself
" enjoy such a situation in any tolerable
" comfort? I must always suspect, that on
" the very first reverse of fortune you
" would again leave my side, and desert
" me, when most I stood in need of your
" assistance. This is an utter *impossibility*.

" Your reflections on the unhappy girl
" we have lost amaze almost as much as
" they shock me. You were the *first* to
" lead her into that error which you are
" the *last* to excuse: you made a *shew* of
" your child; you led her to the brink of
" dissipation. Alas! she fell.

" Your conduct to the unhappy Godol-
" phin hurried him to the commission of a
" crime which he has *expiated* with his
" life.

" life. Here, while I write, I blush to re-
" member that I must *share* the guilt of
" this transaction. Oh, had I acted like
" a man of feeling, like a father, I had
" steadily persisted in keeping sacred the
" compact I had sanctioned between Ed-
" mund and Martina: my child might
" then have lived to have rendered me
" those endearing offices which a mother
" refused me.

" The thirst of gain was my crime, and
" it has carried the punishment with it.
" And you that can never forgive, per-
" haps hope for that forgiveness which
" will one day be needful for us *all*.

" Your late conduct in a family where,
" by your own confession, you were so
" well used, will, I hope, at last convince
" you, that it is ever the fate of a selfish
" mind to defeat its own ends. I have
" felt the truth of this by sad, by bitter
" experience.

" As

" As a proof that I mean you no harm, " that I wish you none, I enclose you a " bill for five hundred pounds, all I can " now call my *own*.

" With regard to my son-in-law, I have " no right to be a burthen to him; and " am astonished that you could have ever " expected it. Once more I bid you adieu " for ever. Wishing you every good, I " remain, Madam, &c.

" FRANCIS DIVES."

While he was writing this parting epistle, he appeared much affected at particular portions of it; but, when he had dispatched it, made a violent effort, and became tolerably composed.

In a few days, Henry began to be tired of the inactivity of the life he was leading, and expressed his uneasiness to Stephen Ruddiman.

He

He was ready, he said, most religiously to obey the last mandate of his dying mother, and to obey him in every respect as he would bow to the commands of a father.

Still he begged that he would have the goodness to chalk out some active plan of pursuit to him, as his existence would be a burthen, if he was condemned to subsist on the fruits of another man's industry.

Ruddiman informed him, that on that subject he had ever held the same opinions with himself.

"I shall only put you in the way of "prosperity," added he; "the money "you receive from me is to be a *loan* in "every sense of the word; and I shall "exact the *interest* to the *last farthing*."

These were the terms on which Henry wished to receive any pecuniary favor, and

on these conditions he borrowed a small sum; part of it he took to repay a debt to Jane Wildfire, and immediately sent double the money he had borrowed to the humane keeper of the *turnpike gate*.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

Happiness and innocence—Ruddiman's departure—Curiosity—political secrets—a truth—Poetry, music, painting, drawing, and other accomplishments—A copy of verses—Peter Hayward's arrival—A mortification—an apology—a wonder—a preparation—a discovery.

AS far as happiness can extend to a mortal state, it was now to be found under the roof of Tibullus Godolphin.

Two more innocent creatures than Briarly and his grand-daughter were never in existence. The mind of Cecilia St. Leger was equally amiable, good, and pure; but her simplicity was mixed with a much greater portion of knowledge than could with reason have been expected from a farmer's grand-daughter, bred up in a Welch cottage.

Tibullus had the memory of no serious error to cloud his mind, or weigh upon his heart; and Ruddiman had only the vices and the follies of *others* to *regret* or to lament.

Henry was uneasy from his state of inactivity: he had no vices; and it is needless to say that, void of them, and with a mind perfectly made up to be a POOR MAN, it was morally impossible for him to be very unhappy.

A letter on a very important subject came to Ruddiman; it contained, he said, many things which were of the greatest importance to him: he was forced to bid them adieu for a day or two, a circumstance he much regretted, as Hayward was expected every hour; and they all told him he would himself be astonished at the similitude between them. He told them that his business was of a nature which he could not possibly defer; he was pleased to

to find that in his absence they would still have a companion in their friend Mr. Hayward, whom he did not yet despair of meeting before he left their house. They all promised that they would do every thing in their power to detain him till the return of Ruddiman, who, calling a coach, wished them every happiness till he saw them again, and shaking hands with the gentlemen, drove away from the door.

Near a week gliding on, and no news arriving of Peter Hayward, every one began to be astonished at his not keeping his word, of which he had ever been a scrupulous observer. The men were alarmed, and the ladies grew quite anxious and impatient. His letter promised the disclosure of some secret, and they longed most earnestly to know what this secret could possibly be.

Curiosity is a very natural feeling; and though, among other false topics of false

wit, the passion has been generally supposed to rage with the greatest violence in the breast of *women*, yet, on a strict examination of the merits of the cause, I am very much inclined to believe that we shall find that men are not behind-hand in this universal failing.

There is not a coffee-house, a club-room, or a hair-dresser's shop, which will not furnish us with examples for the above remark.

Political secrets are the great objects of curiosity among males; and their avidity in hunting out information, the solemn gravity with which they deal out their important nothings, their nods, smiles, jerks, winks, contortions, and grimaces about subjects of which they know as little as they do of Hebrew, will prove equally as ridiculous as any female debate, consultation, or convocation, on a cap, a lace-cloak, or a pelisse.

To

To be consequential about *nothing* is a privilege appertaining to both sexes. Curiosity is another of the prerogatives which may be fairly divided between both.

Excuse me, therefore, ye females, for hinting at the word *curiosity*. Upon my honor I do not think you more culpable in that respect than WE are.

In this dull tedium, Henry, in his poetical talent, found a comfort and a consolation, which stood him highly in stead. He was but a mere *rhymer* to be sure: he had little of the INSPIRATION of the muse; but as his writings, whenever the "ardor "scribendi" came upon him, were of the most inoffensive nature, and never tended to hurt the peace, or wound the feelings of any living creature, he gave vent to his scribbling vein, and found an innocent amusement from this harmless employment.

Somebody has elegantly remarked, that the possession of the arts of drawing, music, and painting, are so many additional faculties added to the natural qualifications of human perfection.

Of the power of music it would be superfluous to speak. The lyre of poetry of Collins, Pope, and Dryden, have hallowed the sacred and exalted science.

He who can draw or paint, carries the most engaging of accomplishments. Wherever he goes, he can embody the "cloud-"capped tower," the lofty mountain, the lowly valley, the flowering shrub, and the wild goat browsing on the summit of the hill.

A *minor* poet is by no means of equal importance with either the possessor of the talent of drawing, or the person who is able to delight with the sublime powers of music. Almost every man and woman now-a-days writes poetry.

The following is a mere bagatelle. As Henry founded it, however, on his own principles, and on his own domestic felicity, I shall take the liberty of inserting it in this place. It is in the form of a song, and was afterwards set to music by a young lady of Cecilia's acquaintance. The words were of a simple nature, and were adapted to the "wood notes wild" of Louisa Godolphin, and her sweet-toned voice supplied the want of poetical ability.

SONG

WRITTEN BY HENRY ST. LEGER,

Set to music by Miss ———, and sung by Mrs. Tibullus Godolphin.

I.

Poor Timon rail'd, poor Timon swore,
The marriage knot he ne'er would tie;
Full many a summer had pass'd o'er,
Before the youth began to sigh.
Alas poor Timon, in his lure,
Began to think about his cure,
And he was right you may be sure.

II.

His Rosalinda often frown'd,
And bade her Timon hie away;
And she was pleased whene'er she found
That Timon rather chose to stay.
Your love, she cried, I can't endure;
But Timon thought her words a lure;
And she was right you may be sure.

III.

On wings of down Time flew away,
When Hymen crown'd the simple pair;
A smiling race they now display,
The boys are strong, the girls are fair.
They laugh at grief, though they are poor,
For love each hardship they endure,
And they are right you may be sure.

IV.

But soon, alas! Misfortune round
Her clouds of grief and sorrow threw,
Pale Want and haggard Care was found,
And Hope with fainting pinions flew.
But Love, an angel at the door,
Still bade them smile, tho' they were poor,
And Love was right, you may be sure.

V.

And now how sad they sat and sighed,
Each day of some fond joy bereft,
Their little smiling infants died,
And not one ray of hope was left,

Save

Save that, in heav'n-born love secure,
She bless'd him still, though she was poor,
And she was right you may be sure.

VI.

Domestic love! celestial spark!
Still shall thy lasting flame survive;
When all around is still and dark,
Keep life's all changing scene alive.
They grieve no more that they are poor,
In love they find out sorrow's cure,
And they are right you may be sure.

HENRY ST. LEGER.

The voice of the singer, and the magic chords of music, can alone have the power to give to such an "*airy nothing* (as *this*), "*a local habitation and a name.*"

Hayward at length arrived, and every eye was lighted up with pleasure at the re-appearance of the philanthropist. His manners were, however, sad and solemn: he often sighed, and begged to be allowed a day's rest before he entered upon the

subject towards which his letter to Tibullus had pointed.

What he had to communicate was, he said, of a very serious nature, and that there was not at present one person under the roof of Mr. Godolphin who was not implicated in it, as he had a tale to unfold which would interest every person of common humanity, and appeal with double force to the feelings of the circle which was then collected around.

Every one was eager to learn the meaning of the mysterious tidings he had to unfold; but the whole character of Hayward had ever been such a riddle to all his friends and acquaintance, that, *curious* as they were, they could hardly expect to be much astonished with any thing he could either say or do.

He was never known to have any settled

tled habitation. He appeared and vanished at particular times. It was evident that he did not always reside in the capital, as continual instances were arriving from all parts of the country, of his goodness and indefatigable humanity.

The patch which he wore seemed to cover some wound which he had received in battle; yet the old fashioned dress which covered him from the wig to the shoe-buckle, bore no sign of that neatness which always marks the military character from the first entrance into the profession to the last stage of life. A soldier too, is always fond of recounting the early scenes of his youth.

> The battles, sieges, fortunes
> Which he has past.
>
> SHAKESPEAR.

Hayward had none of these martial symptoms, nor had he the characteristical marks

marks which distinguish almost every profession of life.

He had not the old man's foible of talking, never speaking but to the purpose, and never making his appearance but when he was to do good. Though Henry, Francis, and Tibullus, as well as old Briarly, had known him for twenty years, they had none of them seen him above three or four times in the whole course of their lives.

An enigma still more inexplicable attended this very singular man.

Time, whose iron hand almost effaces the strength and looks of other men, seemed to have passed over him with an indulgence, which nothing but the actual evidence of their eyes, could have rendered at all credible to his friends.

In his walk, he was a little more feeble, perhaps,

perhaps, but his gait was still commanding and majestic. His countenance seemed to have escaped untouched by the ravage of years, and to their utter wonder and amazement, he looked quite as young as he did twenty years ago.

" Ferdinand Mendez de Pinto was but " a type of thee—thou liar of the first " magnitude !" Such is the motto which has been prefixed to a book, which with all its singularity, is in my poor opinion generally very amusing, and sometimes very affecting.*

Perhaps I may be told that after the extraordinary circumstance I have been relating, this accusation of extravagant falsehood would be not ill applied to the history I am now preparing for the press.

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* The Adventures of Reginal de St. Leon—a novel in three volumes, by Mr. Godwin.

As

As I am bound to confine myself to truth, and shall not be allowed recourse to any thing like the elixir vitæ for the solution of difficulties, I have many requests, many supplications to make for the candour of my readers.

The character of Hayward is a genuine one. It is not a creature of fiction; he really did once exist, and still lives in the hearts and memories of many now grateful for his bounties.

Now then to account for the truely wonderful phenomenon I have just had occasion to take notice of.

I shall abstract myself from every distant cause, and direct my argument to plain simple nature, and to the experience of every man.

I would ask of my peruser male or female, if he, or she, or both, have not in the course

course of their lives met with some particular people, who have looked better at forty or fifty, than at any earlier period of their lives?

I hate any thing like the coarseness of flattery, or I could myself name a woman eminent for talent, and conspicuous for virtue, who seems to have gathered additional personal attractions with added years. When she enters a room, there are few young women who equal her, and none that surpass her;—like Hayward, those who remember her twenty years ago, are struck with astonishment, and declare that time has thrown his dart at her in vain: as they contemplate her, they are almost obliged to pronounce, that Medea's kettle is no fable.

I have somewhere else in the course of my work, made a general observation upon the different effects of age upon different people. I have done all therefore in my power

power to support facts by arguments: should it be answered that my arguments are weak, I shall not have it in my power to refute the charge; but can only reply that such as they are, they are the best I have ability to adduce, and am truly sorry that I know not how to make them stronger.

I have taken some time on the subject of the character of the philanthropist; because I would not have him viewed as the passing creature of romance. Sacred to truth, I would hold him up to the respect and admiration such a man must ever deserve.

If he is not admired, I am willing to own that my lack of ability is chiefly in fault; respected, I think such a man must be, even had he a worse biographer than myself.

I now return to him and to the tidings which

which he had to communicate to Mr. Godolphin and his family.

They were anxiously expected by all the parties, each thinking the night tedious and wearisome; and longing for the morning, in which he was to make known the intelligence he had so long promised, and as they hoped, unriddle the mystery which had so long covered his inexpressible character.

The wished for morning at last arrived, and like most other events which have been long and eagerly expected, brought nothing but disappointment to most of the parties concerned.

When they were assembled, they saw that Hayward was still agitated by some very violent emotions.

After walking about the room for some time with much apparent restlessness, he addressed

addressed himself to Francis, and told him that the most material part of his mission related chiefly to him.

The rest of the party were of course, from good manners, obliged to withdraw. It is a certain fact that they were all very curious, and it is as certain, that the gentlemen were just as curious as the ladies.

When Francis and Hayward were left alone, the latter, after a struggle in which he seemed sensibly moved, began the discourse.

" I am come, Mr. Dives, to talk to you,
" on a subject of the most delicate nature.
" I have always had a very strong aversion
" to any thing like an interference in the
" concerns of any man's family; but a
" circumstance has occurred in yours,
" which has lately much employed my
" thoughts, and deeply interested my heart.
" If I am growing at all impertinent, a

" word

" word from you shall check me. Am I
" to proceed, or shall I here desist ?"

Francis assuring him that he had by far too high an opinion of him to look on any thing he could say as presuming or impertinent, Hayward, after colouring and breathing very hard for a few moments, resumed the thread of his discourse.

" I am convinced, that there is no phi-
" losophy so dangerous to society, as the
" late liberal theory which has endeavored
" to explain away right and wrong; con-
" found virtue with vice; and mercy, the
" attribute of Heaven, with the whimper-
" ing forgiveness of a school-boy. Yet still
" there may be palliating circumstances,
" when the wanderer has strayed from the
" path of rectitude; has been hunted
" through the world with guilt, with in-
" famy, and want! when tears of true re-
" pentance have galled the cheek of the
" wretched sinner, the arms of a father

" may

" may afford that shelter, a husband's
" honor would forbid him from offering.
" Your daughter was not married; her
" crime and her punishment mostly related
" to herself: I see the tears filling your
" eyes, Mr. Dives—those tears convince
" me that you are a man, and that you
" are a father."

Every nerve in the frame of poor Francis began to shake!—every fibre trembled with an extacy, which bordered upon pain! Big dews stood upon his forehead, his face was pale, and his lips quivered as he faintly exclaimed:

" Oh God, Mr. Hayward! whither do
" you lead my fancy?—What? what
" would you say?"

Hayward filled him a glass of cold water, which after Mr. Dives had taken, he declared himself much more composed, and begged for the speedy explanation of the

the speech he had so mysteriously commenced.

" You had a daughter, Sir."

" Alas, I had !"

" And have one still."

Francis begged him, as he prized his happiness, his reason, and his peace, not to deal longer in these dark hints, but to let him know the whole undisguised truth at once.

" I will," said Hayward.

" This poor lamb, which has so long " strayed from the fold, I have at length " found; but I have found her emaciated " by illness, and bending to the grave un- " der the combined sensations of guilt and " shame. Arm your heart and mind for " a scene which will put your fortitude to

" the

" the hardest test to which humanity can
" be exposed—alas, she cannot live !"

" Not live ?—Oh my poor girl ! wretch
" that I am !—savage that I have been !"

" Be calm, Mr. Dives, or you will make
" me repent of my temerity in bringing you
" these tidings. I once thought it might
" be kinder to you and to poor Martina,
" should I have suffered her to die un-
" known to you—but she has declared
" that a father's blessing would rob death
" of every terror, and deprive pain of all
" its agonies. I thought too, that you
" would feel some small consolation from
" seeing, and from pouring your benedic-
" tion on the head of this poor broken-
" hearted fallen one."

After this information, Francis was in great agony, and being told that Martina lay desperately ill, at a small town in Oxfordshire, he begged that a post chaise might

might be ordered directly, as if he did not see his unhappy child, he could never again hope for one quiet moment.

When the chaise was at the door, Henry came to take his leave of Hayward.

"I shall be back in a few days," said he, "and shall then hope to see your friend "Mr. Ruddiman: I love your character, "and admire your virtues, as much as he "can do, and to convince you of my es- "teem, I will give you a proof of it on my "return, by explaining all the apparent "singularities of my life—God bless you! "farewell!"

He squeezed the hand of St. Leger; then got into the chaise, which instantly drove away.

CHAPTER VI.

A journey—a recital of a melancholy little tale—a wanderer—Inns—An accidental rencontre—a snow storm—a recovery—an illness—a humane physician—a death bed repentance—a faithful negro's adventures—escape—perils—safe arrival in England—joy defeated.

DURING the journey, Hayward recited the means by which he had recovered the long lost Martina to her anxious and impatient father. We know no better way of communicating this intelligence, than by adopting the words Hayward himself made use of.

HAYWARD'S ACCOUNT OF MARTINA.

While I was travelling through Oxfordshire, upon an affair of some consequence, my

my attention was attracted, my curiosity excited, and my feelings very much interested, with the many accounts I heard of a very singular young woman, who had been a long time the common subject of conversation through the whole of that county. She generally made her appearance at a lesser inn, at about eleven o' clock at night: her countenance was said to be extremely beautiful; though her eyes were wild to an appearance of delirium: her cloaths bore the marks of former gentility, and were always remarkably clean; but so ragged that on a windy day they fluttered with every blast, and were agitated by every passing breeze! Her fine hair flowed wildly down her back, and her white skin was terribly defaced with thorns and briars. She carried a large bundle in her arms, from which she would suffer no one to relieve her, and betrayed signs of the most violent agitation if any body attempted to examine the contents. When she came to the inn, she

seated herself by the kitchen fire ;—placed the bundle on her knee, and wept and sobbed over it for some moments, with the most passionate expressions of tenderness. She then began to sing aloud, in a tone so wild, so shrill, and yet so melodious, that the most savage hearts were softened at her mad ditties, and the rough laborer melted at her sorrows, and offered her the alms, she invariably refused, with expressions of wounded pride and mortified vanity.

She generally commanded respect wherever she went. Once a brute in human shape used some coarse words to her, as she sat warming her hands on a wood fire, in a little solitary public house upon a wild moor ; yet though the night was dark and rainy, she snatched up her bundle and darting a look of contempt upon the savage who had insulted her misery, fearlessly exposed herself to all the inclemency of the elements ! She carried an incomprehensible charm

charm about her, which made her beloved, and respected as soon as she was seen, and pitied before she was known. There was not a master or mistress of an inn within forty miles round, who had not a bed for the mad girl, (such was the name by which she was known) whenever her melancholy wanderings chanced to lead her to their house.

I heard so much of this daughter of sorrow, that my heart yearned to see her—to soothe her—and to learn the story of her sufferings: Heaven heard my prayer, and was most mercifully pleased to grant it.

I arrived late at an inn one night, and was sitting down to a solitary meal, when a voice struck upon my ear, which thrilled upon my very heart strings; the tone was so melancholy, yet so loud and shrill, that I felt the most sympathetic sadness I had ever experienced in the whole course of

my life. The tears ran like rain down my cheeks, and my heart heaved with swelling emotions, more violent, yet more soft than any I had ever felt before! I enquired of the waiter the meaning of those extraordinary sounds?

"It is the poor mad girl, Sir," said he, "who comes here to sleep on the eighth "day of every month."

I enquired the particulars of the man, who recapitulated every thing I had heard so circumstantially, that I was convinced it must be the young woman I had been so long and so anxiously desirous of meeting.

The feeling emotion of the fellow, while he told her little history, delighted me! it convinced me at once of the worth of his own heart, and the merits of the unfortunate creature he so pathetically lamented.

I begged

I begged to see her, and he conducted me to the little neat kitchen, where she sat singing by the fire. When she came to the end of the third stanza of her wild ditty, she stopped; and taking her bundle of clean white linen from her lap, stared at the fire with a vacant look, heaved a deep sigh, and burst into a flood of tears: "I neglect thee, my little angel," said she, "thy mother's heart is harder than the "snow storm—no one sees thee—no one "can reproach thee with thy birth!—no "one can call thee—fie! fie! fie!—it is a "naughty world! Thou lookest like an "angel—an angel thou art!—God is good! "he will correct thy father and thy mo- "ther for their sins—but he will not pu- "nish *thee*, my little pretty fellow—he "will make *thee* a cherub, and one of the "fairest of the seraphims shalt thou be! "come, let thy mother warm thee—the "snow storm is past and she shall sing to "thee."

Oh how shall I paint my feelings, my horror, my surprise, when I saw her take the cloaths of her dead child, so wrapped up as at first sight to appear like a living infant, and place them on her knee! She printed a thousand impassioned agonizing kisses upon this figure; talked, wept, warmed and sung to it, as if it had been a living baby!

On a sudden, as if she heard some noise, she wrapped the figure up again, and continued crying bitterly, and talking to herself.

"Hush, they are coming! my father and "mother are behind us; but they shall "not find us out, Edmund; we will hide "us in the bushes! never heed the snow, "my darling! thou canst not be colder "than thou art, and thy mother shall "warm thee in her bosom. It is thy grand-"mother, boy, and we must fly or she "will kill thee—oh! oh! it was all her "doing—she first shewed thy father to "me! she bade me love him—and then!"

Here

Here she muttered some few incoherent words, and fell weeping and hugging her little burthen with more violence than ever.

I knew from the first glance who and what she was; I advanced towards her with an air of respect, and gently said, "Comfort yourself, afflicted Martina, it is "a friend who speaks to you."

She lifted up her eyes, rolled them wildly around, then shrieked out, "he knows "me! oh God! he knows me!" and fell senseless on the ground.

When she awoke from her trance she revived to reason, but revived to misery. The past rushed on her memory, and a scene ensued too dreadful for me to paint, what then would it be for a father to hear?

When she left your house, she had wandered, she knew not whither: her ideas

are still *vague*. All that she can recollect is, that she was taken into the house of a cottager, where she was attended with every care, till she was delivered of the fruit of her error.

The people did all they could to discover who and what she was; but her sense of guilt and shame enabled her to keep a guard upon her tongue; and in her wildest ravings, not one word escaped her which could give the most distant clue to lead to a knowledge of her name or her connections. These worthy people maintained her for a long time: the exact period she cannot remember, as her disorder had entirely defaced all her powers of computation. She had reason enough, however, in her madness to see that she was a heavy tax upon these good creatures, who were humane enough to deprive their own children of a portion of their hard-earned bread to give it to *her*. She was hurt at this, and made an attempt to

to escape from them: they twice detected her in this undertaking, and for a long time watched her more strictly than ever. She was bent, however, upon quitting them, and made her escape with her little boy in her arms: from that time to the hour when I was so fortunate as to meet her, all appears like a *dream* to the poor wretch: she remembers nothing but walking in a constant round from morning till night, with her baby in HER ARMS, and resting at the several inns whenever the call of hunger demanded her stay. She had found very great humanity from *every one*, but had taken care not to render herself burthensome by never taking up her lodging in the same house above once a month.

She remembers being obliged to lie all one snowy stormy night under an oak tree. When she awoke in the morning, she found her baby cold and stiff: the poor child had perished through the in-

clemency of the weather. She would never believe that the child was dead.

Once at an inn, the master and mistress of the house proposed to *bury* it: shocked at the idea, she refused to consent. The people executed their purpose while she was asleep: she rose early the next morning and disappeared with the child's cloaths carefully wrapped up in her apron, resolving never more to approach the spot where she thought they wished to bury her baby *alive*, and to keep it concealed from every eye in *future*.

"This," said Hayward, "is all her "shattered memory would allow her to "unfold; and this account, *imperfect* as it "is, she related with very great *difficulty*, "and at many different *intervals*.

"What remains is easily told. I order- "ed her to be kept with every care at the "inn, which we are approaching, and sent "for an able physician from Oxford to

" attend her. I wrote to London: I came
" myself to see how your heart was dis-
" posed to her. If I had not found *some*
" *reason* to imagine that sorrow had soft-
" ened it, trust me, my good Sir, I had
" never sought you out. I candidly con-
" fess, that your former life, your ardor
" in the pursuit of money, had so disgust-
" ed me, that nothing but your misfor-
" tunes could ever have interested me in
" your behalf. You have had many so-
" lemn lessons. It would be a barbarity
" in me to add to them by unavailing re-
" grets, or fruitless admonitions."

Here Hayward concluded. The rest of the journey was passed in a melancholy manner; but we have no room left for the description, which would be heavy, without tending to elucidate any part of the history, which is now drawing fast to a conclusion.

When they arrived at the inn where Martina lay confined, the waiter informed

Hayward that the lady had been attended according to his directions, that she was now much worse than when he left her, and that the doctor was at present with her.

When the physician came down stairs, the tears were in his eyes: he declared he had never been more truly interested for a patient in the whole course of his practice; that if ever there was a *true penitent* in the world, *she* was one; but that he feared he had paid his *last* visit: she was speechless, though still sensible: within an hour (said he) and pain and suffering will be to her *no more*.

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated the mournful father; "then I shall *yet* "bless her before she dies. The goodness "of the Almighty is infinite! He is mer-"ciful even in his chastisements! This is "more than I deserve."

He then implored that he might be led to

to the chamber of Martina. Hayward vehemently opposed this proposition; but, contrary to even the *hopes* of Francis, the physician declared that he could *do no harm*, and that it would be an act of mercy to the dying girl, who had reconciled herself to her *heavenly* Father, to know that she had made her peace with her *earthly* parent also.

He conducted the mournful Dives to her apartment, and made him wait at the door till he had communicated the tidings to his patient, who, though in great pain, still was sensible of all that was passing around her.

She kissed the doctor's extended hand, when she had slowly learned the good tidings he had brought her: tranquil tears rolled down her woe-wan cheek, and she looked towards the door with a *placid* yet an *anxious* expectation. The physician came to Francis, and, after giving him many

many cautions to repress the vehemence of his feelings, bid him enter.

He approached the bed, drew aside the curtains—there was Martina: but so altered! The beauty which had charmed him was fled! Her eye was hollow, her cheek was pale! Still it was his child; and while the angel of death had altered her features, those features to him were lovely yet. He let fall a shower of tears on her pillow as he kissed her pallid cheek: then, seating himself by her side, he took her hand. Her languid eyes that moment were illumined with two streams of animated fire: he imagined he saw halo play about her head: he looked at her earnestly; they were rivetted *eye to eye* for above an hour. As he prayed to her and blessed her, she smiled with angel sweetness on his face. The convulsive agonies of death came on: the physician begged him to quit the room; but she clasped his hand so *hard*, and gave him a look of such

such expression, that he sobbed out—"Oh, *impossible!*"

Convulsions rent her delicate frame; she struggled, but still quitted not the hand of her father: at last, with the violent effort of pain, she raised herself on her bed, cried in agony—"*Now*, now." A smile played on her face, as she murmured, "*I go*—my sins are forgiven! Fa-"ther, bless....."

With this last word she left her grasp, but left it not till the last breath of life had passed her lips; and the once loved child was now cold and lifeless.

Hayward tore the father from the corpse. A hearse was ordered to convey the body to London, whither, in two days afterwards, they all set forward.

The procession was a sad one. The spirits of both were so dejected, that the friend,

friend, the benevolent, the good Hayward, for once in his life, was unable to console the afflicted. He groaned inwardly at the melancholy scenes he had witnessed; yet such, said he to himself, are the daily consequences of unlawful love! and wilful man still perseveres!

The melancholy cavalcade arrived at the door of Tibullus, and damped a scene of heart-felt joy, which had just reconciled St. Leger to all the world.

During the absence of Francis, Jane Wildfire, almost mad with joy, had broke in upon Henry and Cecilia as they were reading together, followed by a negro in a jacket and trowsers: the negro had a little girl in his arms, who no sooner saw St. Leger and his wife, than she clapped her infant hands together, and said with a smile, "That's my father, and that's my "mother." I cannot possibly describe the effect of this exclamation: those who *have* children

children of their own, will feel it; and those who have *none*, must wait *till* they have.

The black was Tombo: he jumped for joy as the parents devoured their little recovered treasure with eager kisses.

" Oh massa, oh missee! Oh happy day " for poor Tombo! You gave Tombo to " him mother; you gave child to poor " Barbara! Now poor Barbara child give " little girl to good massa. Barbara, poor " Barbara dead! But Tombo live to pay " massa and missee for be kind to poor " black. Good massa, good missee! " Happy day for poor Tombo!"

And he began to dance again as if he was mad.

This Tombo was the black that Henry had purchased to live with his mother at Jamaica.

The

The day of the fatal hurricane, which devoured the rest of the family, Tombo had been out with the child. He knew, from some observations which he made in the sky, that this scourge of the country was instantly approaching, and being fortunately near a subterraneous cave, which he had *long* been acquainted with, he lost not a moment in hurrying to this place with his little charge, and there kept it in safety till the danger was over. They were nearly *starved*; but the grateful creature accomplished his end. When he came from his hiding place, all around him was a wide desart—friends, connections, all were lost!

Gratitude, however, still survived, and enabled him to struggle with hardships and difficulties almost incredible. He traversed all the plantations which had remained unhurt, and literally begged a livelihood for his little *protégé*.

He

He at last, however, met with the captain of a vessel, who had been very much attached to Hurleford, and partial to Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger. He was touched with the story of Tombo and the child, and, without the least hesitation, gave them a passage. They had a very long distressful voyage; but at length the poor negro arrived safe on British ground.

The humane captain not only brought him to London, but gave him money to support him there. This money, however, was soon spent; and St. Leger being at that time only known by the name of Marlow, poor Tombo was beginning to think of once more *begging* his bread, when he by accident met his old friend Jane Wildfire in the street.

This scene of exquisite joy was clouded by the arrival of the hearse which bore the body of the hapless Martina.

She

She was carried with decent ceremony to her grave. It was as much as the utmost exertion of the remaining daughter could effect to keep up the spirits of the heart-wounded father.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VII,

AND LAST.

Hayward's story—he clears up many mysteries—his reasons for all his actions—comparative good and evil of riches—Finis coronat opus.

A FEW days after the performance of the mournful ceremony, St. Leger began to be anxious at not hearing from his friend Ruddiman.

Hayward was still in town, and called every morning, though he refused the offer of a bed which was earnestly pressed upon him by Godolphin and his wife.

He enquired for Henry one day, and hearing he was by himself, desired to be admitted to him.

"I am

"I am now come, my young friend," said he, "to clear up all your doubts, to "remove all your perplexities. I have "lately, nay for many years, gone about "in clouds and darkness, but the time is "at last arrived, when I am to throw off "my disguise, and re-appear my real self.

"You have often remarked a very strong "similitude between your friend Ruddi- "man and myself.

"To acquaint you with the whole se- "cret, without any farther preamble, "know, that Hayward and Ruddiman are "*one* and the *same person*."

Henry looked at him with no small degree of surprise.

His astonishment however abated when Hayward, removing the *patch* from his eye, and at the same time throwing the old fashioned *head dress* he had on to the ground,

ground; the young man instantly recognized the honored and respected countenance of Stephen Ruddiman.

"Son of Amelia," said he, "my time "is come—I now no longer shroud myself "in concealment. I had long a reason for "the disguise in which I lived, but the "dear cause is now, alas, no more! I am, "as you know, the unfortunate Ruddi-"man, who was once the destined husband "of your mother: I led her to the altar, "at that altar I was compelled by honor, "and by every tie of duty to resign her to "another—to your father, Henry! my "spirits sunk beneath the strife. I deter-"mined to quit my country for some "years. I put my pistols in my pocket "to guard my property, which I got di-"rectly from my banker's; wrote a part-"ing letter to your parents, and immedi-"ately set out on my travels.

"While I was abroad, my sister, who

" alone knew where I was, died, and left
" me heir to all her property: I was now
" rich, rich beyond my wants, beyond my
" wishes.

" Used to the bustle of an active trade,
" time hung at first like a dead weight
" upon my hands: I soon however attach-
" ed myself to reading: I found in my
" books a source of consolation, more de-
" lightful than I could have ever expected,
" having neglected my studies in the earlier
" years of my life.

" I am an instance however, that no man
" should give way to a total despair of im-
" provement at any time of life. Ad-
" vanced as I was, I made a progress that
" astonished myself.

" He who makes nature his study, may
" easily acquire that kind of knowledge,
" for which I have been called, and ac-
" counted a philosopher.

" I travelled

" I travelled through several countries,
" and placed all my money in foreign
" banks.

" Still as I travelled on, an anxious wish
" for the welfare of the beloved Amelia
" clung to my heart.

" I was resolved never to see her more,
" yet I would at any time have died with
" pleasure for her safety or felicity!

" I wished no more to be remembered as
" Ruddiman: it was my eager desire to
" bury that name for ever: I adopted that
" of Peter Hayward, and returned to Eng-
" land in the same disguise which I have
" just now thrown aside: the dark wig,
" and black patch I wore, effectually con-
" cealed me from the knowledge of the
" few who were likely to know me. The
" wig being of a jet black colour, and sel-
" dom altering, I appeared little liable to
" decay, a circumstance, which at last be-

" gan to very much surprise the few peo-
" ple who knew me.

" On my return, I found that your fa-
" ther was no more, and that your mother
" had been left in circumstances of dis-
" tress. Oh how did my heart bleed at
" this account! Delicacy forbad my letting
" her know to whom she was obliged:
" I remembered that her father had once
" been arrested for a gentleman of the
" name of Asgarth.

" In the name of Asgarth then, I wrote
" a letter to Amelia, acknowledged the
" debt, and sent her enough money to
" purchase the school for which she was in
" search.

" Since that time I have watched over
" her affairs with the most anxious con-
" cern.

" I would have supplied her with money
" with

" with the greatest chearfulness, but I " knew she had a mind like yours, Henry; " a mind to which a state of obligation " would be the most painful situation in " the world!

" I had correspondents by whose assis- " tance I learned every step she was tak- " ing; I heard of your being taken under " the protection of Mr. Dives, and resolved " to watch over you as if you had been " my son. I disclaimed all settled habita- " tion; one country was just as much my " home as another: there is not one little " town in England where I have not my " correspondents, my debtors and my " creditors. I have often done much good, " and with little expence to myself: I have " assisted the falling tradesman with sums, " which I have always expected to have " returned, when fortune has changed " her frowns to smiles: thus have I done " good, and encouraged industry at the " same time. A mode more agreeable to

" reason, than the indiscriminate distribu-
" tion of alms.

" Thus have my country rambles given
" me an opportunity of learning the sor-
" rows and the distresses of worthy objects
" in every part of this large kingdom.

" Oh Henry, how would my heart have
" bled, had I known that *you* had expe-
" rienced want? I had long sought you
" out with the most earnest solicitude.

" The name of Marlow, which you had
" adopted, kept you still concealed from
" my researches: I learned from Mr. Go-
" dolphin, the inflexible obstinacy with
" which you persevered in refusing all pe-
" cuniary aid.

" I did think—I still think, you have
" carried the rigidity of your principles
" upon this subject a little too far! Your
" ruling passion has, however, been of a
" nature

" nature more amiable than that of your
" friend, and I am compelled to admire,
" even while reason bids me blame it.

" My sentiments I have delivered very
" amply, and shall not take up your time
" by repeating them.

" After binding him to a most religious
" secrecy, I made our friend Mr. Godol-
" phin acquainted with my real name and
" character,—that I was not Hayward, but
" Ruddiman.

" I heard of your poor mother's last ill-
" ness; in that illness I attended her, and
" disclosed all the adventures of my life,
" since the day of her marriage with your
" father.

" I found her anxious for you alone.
" Her solicitude for a much loved son, was
" the only circumstance which disturbed
" her last moments.

 " I swore

" I swore to be a *father* to that son; " and at my request she wrote the solemn " paper you have seen, the paper which " gives me a *parent's* right to regulate the " conduct of your future life and actions.

" I attended her to her grave. I erect- " ed the simple marble which records her " virtues. Oh, many a moonlight night, " when all was still around, have I knelt " upon her grave, and paid the incense of " my sighs to her loved, lamented me- " mory.

" My worldly business was concluded: " I had no duties but to you, and I was " anxious that you should know that the " man who is now to be your father is " not the singular Hayward, but the con- " sistent Ruddiman. I have watched you, " I have found you deserving. Had you " known from infancy that you were *born* " to fortune, you might have rolled down " the ocean of life a weak vain *drop*. No,

" I am

" I am glad that the energies of your " mind have been called into play. You " have seen the inefficacy of money *alone* " to purchase happiness: by being in- " structed to *despise*, you have been taught " to *deserve* it.

" I now make you my steward. Fear " not to pass *a life of inactivity*. He who " is employed in doing good, can never be " *idle*.

" Money, abstractedly, is dirt, dross, " or what you will; but when it can pur- " chase the delights *I* have experienced— " the pure pleasure of assisting the struggles " of indigent merit, of cheering the widow, " of wiping away the big drops of sorrow " from the cheek of the friendless orphan, " riches are then the best gift which Hea- " ven in its bounty can bestow on a sen- " sible and feeling man. I believe and " trust, Henry St. Leger, that *you* are *both*. " Accept, then, the sacred office I commit

" to

" to your care: be you my successor; be " you the aider of the oppressed: none " can be so fit as he who has himself been " a *poor man* to guard the rights of the " wretched, the privileges of the unfor- " tunate."

St. Leger, on his knees, kissed the hand of this more than parent of his youth.

Briarly determined to go back to his cottage in Wales, at the same time assuring his pretty grand-daughter that he would once in every year come up to see her.

The mournful Francis begged leave to accompany him. Sorrow and disappointment had broken his spirits, and subdued his mind: he looked towards solitude as to a *friend*. His request was complied with, in hopes that time would ameliorate the pungency of his feelings, and the keenness of his regrets.

Henry

Henry St. Leger tried, but tried in vain, to divert him from this fixed and settled purpose of his soul; he now found his old friend as obstinate and inflexible as *he* had *himself* been on a former occasion. From this solitude he never once returned: his friends sometimes went to see him; they found him *placid*, but never truly *happy*. The remembrance of the blessings he had thrown away poisoned every pleasing idea. In the pursuit of riches he had trampled on every affection which is dear to the human heart. He had been an ungrateful friend, a perfidious lover, a bad husband, and a worse father. The only joy he had ever tasted arose from the indulgence of a gentle feeling, which avarice had stifled in its birth. In his love for his child he had wooed a transient beam of delight. He had himself extinguished it, and by thwarting her happiness, had blasted his own for ever. He had *attained* the end of his desires; he had been *rich* without *content:* he had *lost* that end—he was *poor* without *comfort*.

May the reader of this trifle, when he feels inclined to despond under the poverty of this world, remember, that the real wants of our short existence are few, and reflect on the fate of the *rich man*.

Henry and Cecilia were now to begin a new mode of life. Hayward promised to teach him the arts of trade; arts which, however despised by some of narrow minds, have contributed to make the happy soil of England the pride and envy of the world.

Ill betide the pen that would attack the great, the illustrious, and the good. Great Britain may boast of nobles who are an honor to their country, to the world, and to human nature! May titles still continue the reward of virtuous acts; and may the time never arrive when we shall be mad enough to tear the laurel from the busts of those who wear them!

Let

Let the dæmons of anarchy, tumult, and rebellion, be confined to other lands: we are content; and while we remain so, shall continue free and happy, as we wish to be. But those are no real good citizens who would treat *trade* with derision or contempt.

An English merchant is a character which ever has been, and ever ought to be, respected and revered. Henry St. Leger devoted the remainder of his life to this character and to this study. He made Stephen Ruddiman his model, and a better he certainly could not have.

Tibullus became a shining and conspicuous ornament to his profession; a consoling proof that, with a virtuous determination to repent past errors and past follies, the inconsiderate sallies of youth may almost be totally effaced by the wisdom and exertions of maturer age. The poor imitator was now become a *worthy object*

object of imitation to the young men of his time. He lived with his Louisa, happy in the joys of his domestic life. They had no children, but still they were cheerful, affable, and obliging to each other. They made Henry and Cecilia their model, and the example was not inferior to the original.

Mrs. Dives lived and died a sycophant, a flatterer, and an object of contempt. Her cruelty to her child was well known, yet had she the impudence to weep and whimper about her, as if she had been one of the best mothers in the world. She had never been a *natural* character, and it follows "as the day to night," that she *could* never have been an agreeable one: her politeness overstrained, her smiles affected, her anger coarse! And here she makes her exit from this work.

Ruddiman passed the remainder of his days with Henry and Cecilia.

The

The old man grew daily more fond of the little girl Tombo had preserved from the fury of the hurricane in Jamaica. He contemplated the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger with an enthusiastic admiration.

Happy, virtuous Henry and Cecilia! would he exclaim. Then, pointing them out as examples to his friends, say this:

Make domestic love the grand object of your lives. With this exhaustless mine of wealth, the POOR MAN will always be *Rich*, the RICH MAN can never be POOR!

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